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The Week

FOR the second time within a few months, President von Hindenburg of Germany has invoked Article 48 of the Constitution to establish a dictatorship, as the Reichstag goes out of session. The dictatorship is, curiously enough, supported by a majority of the elected representatives of the people, as it was on the previous occasion. Their reason is twofold. As before, they see that it is necessary for the government to carry out fiscal measures which at least some of the parties do not want to take the political risk of sponsoring. In addition—and now this motive is the more important—they want to guard against the activities of the dissatisfied minorities on the Right and the Left who threaten, if they gain sufficient adherents, to resort to attacks on the constitutional government itself. Both motives testify to the precarious state of Germany, suffering as she is from business depression as well as from reparations and the other consequences of the War. When even a majority

has to resort to dictatorship in order to safeguard the government it supports, the continued existence of that majority itself is uncertain. A sufficiently desperate section of the German people, becoming habituated to autocratic rule, might decide to substitute another set of dictators if it came to believe they could produce better results.

JUST as many business interests are preparing a new assault on the anti-trust laws, on the ground that business needs to cooperate in order to stabilize, the government starts a suit for dissolution against the American Sugar Institute, which, it charges, has maintained prices through control of 98 percent of the cane sugar sold in the country, and 85 percent of the granulated sugar. This emphasizes the problem which is involved. On the one hand, business cannot stabilize prices unless it can eliminate price competition. But, on the other hand, if private business is allowed to maintain prices by agreement, how can we be sure that the price maintained is not too high? Too high a price is unjust to the public, and it injures the cause of economic order by restricting consumption, encouraging overproduction, and diverting too great gains to the owners of industry. Under present law, the government has no right to inquire or judge whether the price is too high or not. The mere fact that it is maintained by means in contravention of the law makes it illegal. We proceed on the assumption that prices will take care of themselves if we enforce competition. This is an antiquated and in many cases an injurious theory. Nevertheless, if we abandon competition, some other public control of monopolistic practices must be instituted, in the interest of the consumer. Business must be encouraged to seek stability, but general stability will not be aided unless means can be found of placing the public interest above that of profits.

IN THIS issue of The New Republic, Mr. J. M. Keynes argues for a tariff for Great Britain—not a protective tariff, but a tariff for revenue. The reason he wants the duty is to increase the receipts of the government, and he wants larger governmental revenues partly for a great program of public construction to sop up unemployment and stimu-

late the domestic market. Though the tariff he recommends seems low by American standards, it is sturdily opposed by responsible economic thinkers in England like the editors of *The Economist* and of *The New Statesman and Nation*. Their objections seem to us reasonable. It would be difficult indeed to lay a general duty on British imports without raising her costs of production and so further restricting her export trade. Mr. Keynes suggests rebates on imports used for remanufacture, but these are so extensive and important that, if such rebates were applied widely enough to safeguard British costs, the expected revenue would be greatly diminished. The United States can bear the uneconomic burden of a tariff because of the variety of her own resources and the wide extent of free trade within her borders. But it is difficult to think of Great Britain except as closely linked in a complex of international trade; for her to encourage, even slightly, obstructions to that trade is to embark on a suicidal course. It is true that Mr. Keynes suggests the tariff as a temporary measure subsequently to be removed; we can assure him that tariffs once put on do not come off without political earthquakes.

GOVERNOR Pinchot's utility program for Pennsylvania promises to offer so much protection for the consumer that it is no wonder the power companies are fighting it desperately. He would abolish the Public Service Commission, which has been administered on the theory that it has a judicial function in passing upon rates, and substitute a Fair Rate Board charged with the primary duty of protecting the consumer. If an upward rate change were proposed, it would not be allowed to go into effect until the Board had sanctioned it; at present a change does go into effect unless protested. The Board would be instructed not to allow future valuations, or future security issues, larger than the actual prudent cost of investment; valuations already established it probably would not have the constitutional power to reduce. It would be charged with the duty of cutting down the spread between the rates of large users and those of small users to the lowest practicable minimum. It would have authority over the practices of holding companies. Under the bill, all net profits above 8 percent would go into the public treasury. Cities, boroughs and districts would be permitted to set up their own publicly owned plants if they so desired. "Public utilities," says the Governor, "have no sacred right to charge the people a higher rate for their service than the rate at which the people can supply that same service to themselves." It is startling in the United States to maintain, as Mr. Pinchot does, that the interest of the public is supreme—superior even to the interest of profit-making business.

WHEN, in his final article on the need for a new party, published in this issue, Dr. John Dewey states that our national income is adequate "to

ensure a decent and secure living for all," he is using comparative terms which are capable of being disputed. Before the depression, the total national income, if divided evenly among all those gainfully occupied, would have given each about \$2,000 a year. Deduct from this the amount which it would be necessary to save in order to pay for new productive equipment, and you have a sum for consumption which would keep the average family in food and clothing and under a roof of some kind. This would have been thought a very fair standard some years ago, and would now be thought so in most other countries. Still, it is inadequate to provide many things which are coming to be regarded as necessities, and certainly it is far from an ideal standard. There is, however, no necessary contradiction between the project of enlarging production and the process of distributing more equally what we produce. Indeed, the fact of inequitable distribution appears to hamper the growth of production. Dr. Dewey is profoundly correct in stating that we cannot continue to concentrate on problems of production to the exclusion of the interest of the mass of consumers, assuming that the latter will automatically be served. We need to plan production if it is to serve the needs of consumption, and to plan it from the point of view of the consumer.

IN RECENT months the Department of Labor has displayed unusual zeal in its efforts to round up aliens who are loitering illegally upon our none too happy shores. The Department's zeal, however, has not been attended with any noticeable degree of discretion, and in New York City its agents have carried on raids without warrants and in flagrant violation of the rights guaranteed by our Constitution. This was particularly true of the raids made upon the Seamen's Church Institute and upon a hall where members of the Finnish Workers' Education Association were holding a dance. In this latter instance the Department's agents barged in with the local secretary of the Finnish fascist organization, who scanned the thousand persons present and identified for the immigration agents various individuals for whom the fascist secretary wished to make trouble. However, if we may believe the assurance which the Second Assistant Secretary of Labor, W. W. Husband, has recently made to the Civil Liberties Union, these illegal raids are to end. He has warned the agents of his department that henceforth they must be as careful to obey the laws as they are eager to enforce them. A law-breaking agent of our government is a far greater menace to civil peace than is some Finnish coal-passer who has jumped his ship or lost his papers.

NO HIGH degree of indignation was aroused by the announcement that an inspector in the Chevrolet assembly plant at Buffalo had, after losing his job, won \$861,541 in the Irish Grand National Sweepstakes. The process by which Mr. Clayton C.

Woods entered the upper brackets of the income tax was, after all, not vastly different from the process by which others remain there. We are accustomed to having millions of people buy Model A Tudor sedans, and fill their tanks with Socony gasoline, in order that Mr. Ford can buy antique furniture and Mr. Rockefeller give endowments to deserving hospitals and dimes to caddies. In the present instance, four million people bought tickets at ten shillings each, in order that three of their number—including Mr. Woods, who was lucky enough to draw Gregalach, the second horse in the race—might receive as much in a day as Mr. Ford or Mr. Rockefeller receives in a month. Socially, this simple method of distributing wealth has advantages that shouldn't be overlooked. One-fourth of the proceeds from the sale of tickets was devoted to the general welfare as represented by the Irish hospitals. Not many millionaires give one-fourth of their income to charity, at least without tying strings to it. About one-fourth of Mr. Wood's winnings will go to New York State and the federal government as income tax. Most millionaires have learned how to reduce their tax payments to a much smaller proportion of their incomes. Mr. Woods, being unused to handling money, may squander his sudden wealth—but in that case he will be stimulating industry far more than do the millionaires who merely clip coupons and gamble on the market. As for giving dimes to caddies, we depend on him to give dollar bills instead.

THE immigrant population of the United States is at last definitely declining. In the month of January, according to the official government figures, but 12,815 aliens entered the United States, while 21,566 left. In both cases, bona-fide immigrants constituted only part of the total, the rest being temporary visitors, students and persons in transit to some other country. The movement away from our shores has been augmented by the recent activities of the Department of Labor in deporting aliens whom it regards as undesirable—some of them are gangsters, while others are radicals whose political opinions are not in accordance with those of the worthy Mr. Doak. It has also been encouraged by somebody's bright idea in digging up a forgotten law which says Uncle Sam shall pay for passage home of any alien who has been here less than three years and seems likely to become a public charge—as who does not, nowadays? As soon as this law becomes better known, the present exodus ought to become a stampede.

SOME newspaper editors have expressed surprise that the number of genuine immigrants has been so much reduced, being now only about 4 percent of what it was at its peak before the War. There are three good reasons for this shrinkage. First of all, few who intend to emigrate to America are without friends already here, and these friends are no doubt sending letters back to the old country

telling of breadlines and misery. In the second place, the present immigration law restricts to 15 percent of the peak the number who may enter. Most important of all, however, is a recent practice of the State Department in cutting off immigration on its own initiative. The law says that passports shall be refused to anybody who is likely to become a public charge—the intent of Congress, of course, being to exclude the mentally infirm and others unable to earn their own living. The State Department is interpreting this clause as shutting out those who cannot prove they will be able to get a job on arrival; and when the fiscal year is ended, we shall probably see that immigration has been reduced, not to one-third of that permitted under the law, as the January figures indicate, but to one-tenth. This is “legislation by the executive branch” with a vengeance; but the action of the Department is so much in accord with popular sentiment that we shall probably hear very few protests.

Can Business Produce a Great Age?

Mankind is now in one of its rare moods of shifting its outlook. The mere compulsion of tradition has lost its force. It is the business of philosophers, students and practical men to recreate and reenact a vision of the world, conservative and radical, including those elements of reverence and order without which society lapses into riot, a vision penetrated through and through with unflinching rationality. Such a vision is the knowledge which Plato identified with virtue.

Epochs for which, within the limits of their developments, this vision has been widespread, are the epochs unfading in the memory of mankind. There is now no choice before us: either we must succeed in providing a rational coördination of impulses and thoughts, or for centuries civilization will sink into a mere welter of minor excitements. We must produce a great age, or see the collapse of the upward striving of our race.

Alfred North Whitehead.

THE FOREGOING quotation is from Dr. Whitehead's introduction to a new book by the dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business, Wallace Brett Donham, entitled “Business Adrift.” When one of the foremost contemporary philosophers and the head of the nation's chief school of practical affairs agree substantially in stating a point of view, we shall do well to listen. That point of view is that we can no longer depend on the routine of a tradition developed through the centuries, on the assumption that human institutions change so slowly that learned and automatic responses are sufficient. Routine is, to be sure, essential, but the old routines have largely failed. Greatly accelerated changes in our environment are overwhelming them. We must employ more foresight—especially social and economic foresight. We must rationalize our society anew, to cope with the speed of change. Instead of drifting, we must plan.

Since business is the chief activating force of our society, it is natural to express this point of view in special relationship to business. Dean Donham and Dr. Whitehead both understand that business executives have been chiefly engaged in particularistic and self-seeking activities. But they believe this must be altered. The present control of industry, if it is to survive, must recognize its responsibilities in the social scheme of things. It must acquire philosophical breadth. "The motive of success," writes Dr. Whitehead, "is not enough. The cycles of trade depression which afflict the world warn us that business relations are affected through and through with the disease of short-sighted motives. The robber barons did not conduce to the prosperity of Europe in the Middle Ages, though some of them died prosperous in their beds. Their example is a warning to our civilization."

Mr. Donham begins by an attempt to state a theory of economic foresight which, though somewhat involute, comes out at a reasonable conclusion. The old school of economics, with its abstractions too far removed from the present world of events, helps us little in predicting the future. The new school, studying institutions statistically, reveals such a bewildering array of variables that it often makes prediction seem impossible. Nevertheless we can, he believes, by exercising judgment, by eliminating the less important variables, and by concentrating our attention on the "middle period" of the future, which is neither too close to us to be affected by much that we can do, nor too far to be clearly visible, exercise foresight which may help.

His estimate of the middle economic future for the United States indicates clearly the urgent need of a coördinated policy. Unemployment is something more than an unfortunate accident, bound to disappear from the scene and not to recur if we do nothing about it. Business has developed a large capacity to supply material goods, but the late belief that it was organized to furnish either security or great addition to leisure was an illusion. In these respects it is not meeting the needs of the American people. Without more courageous leadership and intelligent action it cannot do that, or face the Russian challenge, or contribute to international peace.

Population will continue to grow at a moderate pace. With the continued contraction of the foreign market for agricultural products and the increase in farm efficiency, more and more farm workers will seek jobs in industry. Technological and managerial improvements will go on furnishing new ways to make goods with less labor. At the same time, great new inventions or products appealing to the ultimate consumer, and thus enlarging the markets for industry, will lag behind. They will continue to occur, but will not make such rapid progress as the capacity to produce. Many of those which do come will simply drive out competing products. Price reductions will not sufficiently enlarge the demand. And to depend on foreign out-

lets for disposition of our surplus is to run into a blind alley. The ordinary business man's or financier's solution of the difficulty—to keep on exploiting new countries in a competitive race for markets—will lead to eventual disaster for the capitalist world. Mr. Donham quotes Stalin on this point, with approval.

With such a distinguished introduction, and with such a sound set of premises, one might expect a book like this to make a major contribution. The fact that it does not is one of the most interesting things about it. Somehow or other Dean Donham manages from this point on to skirt the crucial issues, to fall back on traditional errors, to become muddled and confused, to fail in presenting any adequate and rounded program. And in this, his book is almost a perfect symbol of our business leadership in general. Is it because business has not the capacity to think in exact or rational terms? Or is it because business suffers incurably from inhibitions which make it turn away from concrete difficulties which threaten to disturb its proximate interests and its habit of mind? It is true that Mr. Donham makes no claim of finality or completion for what he has to offer. He invites disagreement and criticism. Very likely there is more in the back of his mind than he has here expressed. And some of his observations are penetrating, some of his recommendations are good. But, on the whole, the impression is one of unnecessary fumbling.

His observations on foreign trade, which seem to begin by understanding the futility of laissez-faire and cut-throat competition in the international field, end, not with any project for rationalized world trade and investment, but with support of the protective tariff pretty much as it exists.

One would suppose that the whole course of his logic would lead him to advocate the necessity of enlarging the home market by means of substantially increased purchasing power in the hands of the mass of the consumers. One would suppose he would concentrate his attention on the causes of low and lagging wages. On the contrary, he assumes without question that the "high-wage policy" advocated by Henry Ford has actually been put into effect and will continue to be adequate to our economic needs in the future. Only it must be accompanied by more leisure and more security. He does advocate shorter working hours, though whether they are to be gained by union pressure or by legislation or by voluntary action of employers he does not hint. Apparently he assumes that the latter will be sufficient. As for security, he believes that social insurance ought to provide for it in all its forms except the one in which lack of it is most distressing—unemployment.

Dean Donham feels, as we all do, that industry and the government together ought to provide work for everyone. But he falls into the common error of making a false antithesis between providing work and insuring against unemployment. He does not face the fact that the project of providing work for

everyone is, under our order, a difficult one which, if it is ever to be accomplished, will take many years, and that in the meantime the unemployed must, in so far as they are not insured, either be sustained by doles in some form or starve. He shares the irrational feeling that unemployment insurance will in some way constitute an obstacle to the project of stabilization. He repeats wearisomely the lie, discredited by all competent and responsible investigators, that those who receive unemployment insurance "loaf," that they do not want to work and reject opportunities to do so. His plan for providing work is simply the old one of extensive public construction undertaken by the government in time to help employment during depression. This is a worthy project, but there are many obstacles to its successful operation, and who can say that under the most favorable conditions it would fully meet the need? As if to emphasize the timidity of business in facing its responsibility for continuous employment at adequate wages, Mr. Donham proposes that government construction in such emergencies be done at half the prevailing rates of pay, ignoring the effect which any such practice would necessarily have on general wage standards.

As for the rest, he falls back on the vague concept of industrial planning, without saying how it shall be carried out, or what its methods and specific purposes ought to be. It is well that representative business leaders have gone even so far as to recognize that planning is necessary. But unless those whom we should expect to be most bold and intelligent begin to handle the project less gingerly, the chance that capitalism will soon reform itself does not appear bright. In one of his clearer moments of insight, Dean Donham writes: "Of course, Soviet Russia has a big job on her hands to train her labor to use machinery. I doubt, however, if her task is half as difficult as our task of training our business men to work coöperatively in carrying out a general plan." The doubt appears to be well founded. Will those in command of our industrial institutions be any more alert or capable in changing their habits than were the ruling classes in other historical periods of great change? One may hope that they will, but so far there is little evidence of more than a vaguely weakened confidence in themselves and their traditional ways.

Arnold Bennett

THE DEATH of Arnold Bennett deprives us of one of the few really first-rate English novelists of our time. Bennett came from the industrial midlands and his first important novels dealt with the middle-class people of the Staffordshire pottery towns. Bennett had read the French naturalists early and he was one of the first writers to bring naturalism into English. George Moore had written "A Mummer's Wife" and "Esther

Waters," books which influenced Bennett, but Moore stuck closely to the formulas of the French and soon abandoned naturalism for his own peculiar brand of romance. Bennett, however, developed a naturalism of his own, highly original and absolutely English. But it was an English mind of a quality which had never yet appeared in English literature—the mind of the manufacturing English, practical, prosaic, shrewd, tenacious, cocky, preoccupied with money-making and with the new and tangible advantages which money can buy for people just rising in the world.

The story of Edwin Clayhanger's father, the successful printer, who had started as a pottery worker and known, as a child of eight, the horrors and degradations of the factory system, is a chapter out of Marx. At the death of old Darius Clayhanger, one of the most remarkable episodes in modern English fiction, the son, who knows nothing of his father's youth and has always enjoyed the bourgeois privileges and comforts which it has been the work of his father's whole life to win, feels only the exhilaration of finding himself master of the household of which his father had been the morose tyrant. And from this point on, the history of the Clayhangers, the Denrys the Audacious and the rest, is the romance of a class who, with the potteries not far behind in the background, take a satisfaction almost ecstatic in newer and bigger houses, in the fixtures of modern bathrooms, and discover the masterpieces of literature with a surprise and an intimate response strikingly different from that of young men at Oxford and Cambridge, where Milton, Shelley and Matthew Arnold are, as it were, part of the college landscape.

The Clayhangers get duller as they grow older, and Bennett finally drops them to take up his theme in a new place. The scene now shifts to London—a London of department stores, smart restaurants and trams. The heroes are no longer comfortable provincials, but proprietors of big hotels and self-made millionaires, who can afford every metropolitan luxury. And in removing to a more sophisticated atmosphere, Bennett has succeeded in getting rid of a good deal that was cumbersome in his early books, which had been weighted down with naturalistic detail like so much Staffordshire brick. He is much easier and defter now, and the homely commonplace material is much more profoundly permeated with the author's intelligence and feeling. "The Pretty Lady" is probably a better work of art than "The Old Wives' Tale." It is certainly the best novel in English about the civilians during the War and makes "Mr. Britling" look like the journalistic performance it is. In this fine book, Arnold Bennett is no longer open to the criticism of lack of direction which Henry James brought against his earlier work. The moral is plain, and if his readers of the war years missed it, it was only because they were not in the habit of looking for morals or because it was an unwelcome one. Here a retired English solicitor falls in love with an

amiable French cocotte driven to London during the War. G. J. Hoape depends for his income on investments in a motor-horn company which has been taken over by the government to make war equipment, and he sits on relief committees and patriotically supports the War. The French girl, who adores him, is bound by a deep subrational sympathy to a drunken shell-shocked French officer, whom she imagines the Virgin has commended to her protection. G. J., misunderstanding her behavior, eventually gives Christine up as a worthless congenital prostitute for whom, after all, the higher code of his own world does not exist, and finds his final fundamental solidarity with a neurotic woman of his own class. In the meantime, G. J. is getting rich out of the War, and Christine, whom he has been keeping, is left flat to go back to the Promenade again.

Edwin Clayhanger is now so far from the pottery cellars that he can no longer even understand, that he no longer, in the last analysis, wants to understand, the human beings who are still down there. His creator died in one of those big modern hotels which were the subject of his last novel, leaving perhaps the most truthful of all our records of the soul of middle-class Anglo-Saxon man under a high standard of living.

The United States, Russia and a Wage Cut

THE UNIQUE spectacle of the United States and the Soviet governments carrying out a common policy, and above all, a policy of conniving at wage reduction, can be witnessed in Paterson, New Jersey, where some six hundred workers at the Wright Aeronautical Corporation have been on the picket lines for four months. Most of the production at the Wright plant is to fill orders for the American War Department, while the Amtorg Trading Corporation, representing the Soviet government in this country, is probably the next largest single customer. Both the War Department and the Amtorg have been asked by the strikers to intervene in their behalf, but both at last reports have refused to intercede. The strikers resent this bitterly. The Hoover administration and important business representatives had pledged resistance to wage cuts, but have failed them. The Soviet authorities, claiming to be friends of the workers, have ignored them, too, although several months ago, when some Communist propagandists were discharged by the Wright company, the Amtorg obtained their reinstatement by exerting economic pressure.

As the economic depression began to diminish the sales of airplanes in the summer of 1929, the Wright Corporation contrived to nibble down the hourly rate. In September the bonus granted for speedy labor, which was all that had made the lot

of the worker palatable until then, was suddenly withdrawn. A process of reducing the operating force by lay-offs and discharges of workers in the order of their slowness at work was instituted. A Wright employee lived a harrowing existence during these months. By the fall of 1930 only the best of the "hands" remained, six to seven hundred out of the two to four thousand on the pay roll in recent years. At the end of October the company without warning inaugurated wage cuts of 10 percent. As if these blows were not enough, a new group-incentive system was announced. Under this scheme a group of men on an operation had to maintain a group standard. The efficient worker suffered for the poor craftsmanship of the inefficient. Spoilage was paid for by the group. Additional pay for overtime was abolished. The men looked upon the new system as a speeding-up, wage-slashing device. On the day that the group-incentive plan was to have taken effect, December 11, the strike broke out. Most of the strikers joined the International Association of Machinists affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. A small but highly skilled group were already members of the Metal Polishers' Union. The other crafts have been represented in the conduct of this A. F. of L. strike through delegates to the General Strike Committee.

The Wright Aeronautical Corporation is the largest manufacturer of aircraft engines in the United States. It is a subsidiary of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, which falls within the Morgan sphere of influence. The National Manufacturers' Association is supporting the Curtiss-Wright combination in its maintenance of the open shop. The strikers are, therefore, contending with powerful economic interests. They have found friends, however, in the Paterson community, although the police have done their best to break the strike. Now, after a third of a year of independent warfare, the strikers have determined to seek the aid of the organized labor movement and its sympathizers outside of their immediate vicinity. Their challenge to the two great governments who purchase their product ought to receive widespread support.

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Revenue Tariff for Great Britain

Mr. Keynes Suggests a Way by which England Could "Resume the Vacant Financial Leadership of the World"

DO YOU in the United States think it a paradox that Englishmen can continue to increase their capital wealth by adding both to their foreign investments and to their equipment at home, that they can continue to live (most of them) much as usual and support at the same time a vast body of persons in idleness with a dole greater than the income of a man in full employment in most other parts of the world; and yet do all this with one quarter of their industrial plant closed down and one quarter of their industrial workers unemployed?

It would not be merely a paradox, but an impossibility, if Britain's potential capacity for the creation of wealth were not much greater than formerly. But this greater capacity does exist. It is to be attributed mainly to three factors—the ever increasing technical efficiency of her industry (British output per capita is 10 percent greater than it was even so recently as 1924), the greater economic output of women, and the larger proportion of the population which is at the working period of life. The fall in the price of her imports compared with the price of her exports also helps. The result is that with three-quarters of her capacity Great Britain can now produce as much wealth as she could produce with the whole of it a few years ago. But how rich she could be if only she could find some way of employing *four-fourths* of her capacity today!

Our trouble in Great Britain is, therefore, not that we lack the physical means to support a high standard of life, but that we—like most other countries—are suffering a breakdown in organization and in the machinery by which we buy and sell to one another.

THE CHOICE BEFORE HER

There are two reactions to this breakdown. We experience the one or the other according to our temperaments. The one is inspired by a determination to maintain our standards of life by bringing into use our wasted capacity; that is to say, to expand, casting fear aside. The other, the instinct to contract, is based on the psychology of fear. How reasonable is it to be afraid?

We live in a society organized in such a way that the activity of production depends on the individual business man's hoping for a reasonable profit or at least to avoid an actual loss. The margin which

he requires as his necessary incentive to produce may be a very small proportion of the total value of the product. But take this away from him and the whole process stops. This, unluckily, is just what has happened. The fall of prices relatively to costs, together with the psychological effect of high taxation, has impaired the necessary incentive to production. This is at the root of our disorganization. Great Britain is not the only country of which this is true. It is unwise, therefore, to frighten the business man or torment him further. A forward policy is liable to do this. For, reasoning by a false analogy from what is prudent for an individual who finds himself in danger of living beyond his means, he is usually, when his nerves are frayed, a supporter, though to his own ultimate disadvantage, of national contraction.

ENGLAND'S EXPORT TRADE

And there is a further reason for nervousness. Great Britain is suffering from *international* instability. Notoriously the competitive power of our export trade is diminished by our high standard of life. At the same time the lack of profits in home business inclines the investor to place his money abroad, while high taxation exercises a sinister influence in the same direction. Above all, the reluctance of other creditor countries to lend (which is the root cause of this slump) places too heavy a financial burden on London. These again are apparent arguments against a forward policy; for greater activity at home due to increased employment will increase our excess of imports, and the government borrowing may frighten investors. In every way, therefore—the opponents of an expansionist policy point out—it will aggravate the want of confidence, the burden of taxation and the international instability, which (they believe) are at the bottom of Great Britain's present troubles.

Yet the policy of doing nothing is even more dangerous. For as time goes by, it becomes increasingly doubtful whether we *can* support our standard of life. With 1,000,000 unemployed we certainly can; with 2,000,000 unemployed we probably can; with 3,000,000 unemployed we probably can't. Thus, the negative policy, by allowing unemployment steadily to increase, must lead in the end to an unanswerable demand for a reduction in our standard of life.

Unemployment, we must repeat, exists because

employers have been deprived of profit. The loss of profit may be due to all sorts of causes. But, short of going over to Communism, there is no possible means of curing unemployment except by restoring to employers a proper margin of profit. There are two ways of doing this—by increasing the *demand* for output, which is the expansionist cure, or by decreasing the *cost* of output, which is the contractionist cure. Both of these try to touch the spot. Which of them is to be preferred?

THE PROBLEM IS INTERNATIONAL

I have given some of the arguments for contraction. But there are some fundamental arguments on the other side. To decrease the cost of output by reducing wages and curtailing budget services may increase foreign demand for British goods (unless, which is quite likely, it encourages a similar policy of contraction in other countries), but it will probably diminish the domestic demand; and it is by no means certain to increase total demand. The advantages to employers of a general reduction of wages are not so great, therefore, as they look. Each employer sees the advantage to himself of a reduction of the wages which he himself pays and overlooks both the consequences of the reduction of the incomes of his customers and of the reduction of wages which his competitors will enjoy. In the second place, it leads to social injustice and violent resistance, since it benefits some classes of income at the expense of others. Moreover, the contractionist policy will aggravate, rather than solve, the international problem; since it is an endeavor to adjust ourselves to present prices rather than to raise them. These arguments apply equally in every country alike.

Two years ago the problem was mainly a British problem; today it is mainly international. An international remedy is, therefore, essential; and I find the best hope of remedying the international slump—I trust not vaingloriously—in the leadership of Great Britain. But if Great Britain is to assume leadership, she must be strong and believed to be strong. At least for Englishmen, it is of paramount importance to restore full confidence in London. I do not believe that this is difficult; for the real strength of London is being underestimated today by foreign opinion, and the position is ripe for a sudden reversal of sentiment. For these reasons I, who opposed Britain's return to the gold standard and can claim, unfortunately, that my Cassandra utterances have been partly fulfilled, believe that London's exchange position should be relentlessly defended today, in order, above all, that she may resume the vacant financial leadership of the world, which no one else has the experience or the public spirit to occupy, speaking out of acknowledged strength and not out of weakness.

What measures are available to restore confidence? A decision to reform the grave abuses of

the Dole, and a decision to postpone for the present all new charges on the Budget for Social Services in order to conserve its resources to meet schemes for the expansion of employment, are advisable and should be taken. But the main decision which today is absolutely forced on any wise Chancellor of the Exchequer, whatever his beliefs about protection, is the introduction of a substantial revenue tariff. It is certain that there is no other measure all the immediate consequences of which will be favorable and appropriate. The tariff which I have in mind would include no discriminating protective taxes, but would cover as wide a field as possible at a flat rate, or perhaps two flat rates, each applicable to wide categories of goods. Rebates would be allowed in respect of imported material entering into exports, but raw materials, which make up an important proportion of the value of exports such as wool and cotton, should be exempt. The amount of revenue to be aimed at should be substantial, not less than \$250,000,000 and, if possible, \$375,000,000. Thus, for example, there might be import duties of 15 percent on all manufactured and semi-manufactured goods without exception, and of 5 percent on all food stuffs and certain raw materials, while other raw materials would be exempt. It should be the declared intention of the free-trade parties acquiescing in this decision to remove the duties in the event of world prices recovering to the level of 1929.

ADVANTAGES OF A TARIFF

Compared with any alternative which is open to Great Britain, this measure is unique in that it would at the same time relieve the pressing problems of the Budget and restore business confidence. But this is not its only advantage. In so far as it leads to the substitution of home-produced goods for goods previously imported, it will increase employment at home. At the same time, by relieving the pressure on the balance of trade, it will provide a much needed margin to pay for the additional imports which a policy of expansion will require and to finance loans by London to necessitous debtor countries. A revenue tariff is a high card which we still have in our hand. Where would the Budget of any other country be, if it had no receipts from its tariff?

I am not unaccustomed to being in a minority. But on this occasion I believe that 90 percent of my countrymen agree with me. In estimating the financial strength and prospects of Great Britain, foreign observers should bear two points in mind. The first is the one emphasized above, that British national finance has a very high card in hand in the shape of a tariff, which we shall certainly employ if necessary. The second is the tremendous strength of the Bank of England, which also has all its cards in hand—and its powder dry.

J. M. KEYNES.

London.

"Still"—

Meditations of a Progressive

THE BRIGHT drab glare of the airport grounds. As you get into the gray plane, they hand you a small oiled-paper packet: two close little rows of seats in a narrow moth's body. Well, well, there's cotton and chiclets in the package—the cotton is to stick in your ears and the gum, I suppose, is to steady your nerves. "Air-Sickness Containers Located Under Each Seat"—that sounds ominous. I suppose I might as well use the gum and the cotton. The porter shuts the door—now we're off: faster, faster, higher pressure of speed of starting—great fun: now we've dropped the ground. The muddy flat Potomac; Washington a litter of brickyard fragments; the grayish Capitol, the white government buildings—like what?—like nothing but government buildings even from way up above and not very handsome at that; the little aligned suburban houses. I don't like these sudden elevator drops, where you feel your seat falling away from under you. The March fields below: worn-out patches on an old nap-bare carpet that shows the warp and woof. The long straight roads with little black cars traveling straight and fast along them. Everybody is silent and seems under a certain nervous strain.

Still, all those people got to the point of getting together—and what an odd mixed assortment, when you think about what being progressive meant to the different ones! Was there any real common denominator among them? Norris is an old-fashioned political type who comes from an agricultural state and hates the manufacturers—preoccupied with the power question. Cutting is evidently a gentleman liberal of the English type—he's like some of the men in the Labor government—we've never had that type in the Senate before, I suppose. He sounds as if he were aiming at something like the English system, the President and Cabinet responsible to Congress, a congressional majority controlling government policy. Would this really help much? All right for a congress made up of Cuttings, but there's only one of him—all the rest are professional politicians.—Phelps Putnam, with his black clothes and his monocle, hanging around the conference—a little too much like Wyndham Lewis's fascist make-up. Still, I suppose it shows that the literary guys are taking public matters more seriously—God knows that our belated American bleeding-heart romanticism has run out even for a first-rate writer like Phelps.—I wonder what Hergesheimer was doing at a back table in the Carlton dining room? Could he conceivably have been interested in the confer-

ence or does he get a kick out of a place like the Carlton? Those dreadful flavorless expressionless mannequins that paraded back and forth while we were having lunch—dreadful flavorless lunch—the only time they looked human was when they smiled at each other from across the room.—Costigan's quite a fine old type, with his Yankee hatchet face and his dry yellow skin—his speech a little dry, too, but he knows his stuff—it just shows how stupid people are that they can't see through the fallacies of high tariff, nobody sees much beyond his own little racket—the man who held up the Sears, Roebuck catalogue and said that there were 30,000 articles listed in it and how was anybody ever going to know enough about them to work out the tariff properly—he pointed out that paint-brush handles were protected.—The Colorado beet-grower and the Filipino: the Filipino, very formal, tense and serious in gold glasses and a dapper cut-away, said that if we would give the Philippines their freedom, they would willingly restrict their oil and sugar exports. The beet-grower, a hearty, loquacious fellow, rose to state that he was proud to be one of what people called the "wild jackasses of the West," that the wild jackasses never brayed unless there was some reason for it, that they were being ruined by free sugar imports and that he hoped to God Congress would find some way of giving the Filipinos their freedom. The Filipino repeated that they would be glad to restrict their sugar exports, but that the United States had taken the Philippines over against their will and—"But honest, ain't ye glad now we did it?" the beet-grower interrupted again. "Would ye want to be back with your bad roads an' your swamps an'." The Filipino said no, they weren't glad. Those were the respective extents to which those two believed in progressivism.

The flat, thick, muddy branches of Chesapeake Bay like lung lobules on an anatomical chart—a few barges like beetles on the water, their noses turned toward Baltimore. Dull end of a March day—pale coldish sun now setting among faintly rusty clouds—at the horizon, dimness.—Hoover didn't look so unhealthy or so unattractive as one expected—grayish hair, pink face, smoke-blue eyes—I suppose the thing is that since the depression he's become in people's imagination a great empty pulpy ectoplasm, an only partially human embodiment of our official impotence and lack of ideas. One hardly expected to find him a real man. He muttered something about restriction in the oil industry. I wonder whether his rather sly smile when he dismissed the newspaper men with "That's

all for today," meant that they'd sent him in questions about the conference. Everybody at the conference was either denouncing him or wondering how he got that way—he does seem to be a case of political ambition completely divorced from ideas or ideals—it seems strange because he is so dull and inarticulate, one assumes that dull people in politics must be serious—I suppose he has the exaggerated respect for the rich which comes from having started poor—that's the real hole in the skimmer, I suppose, of the American poor-boy-to-President idea—people who've had a hard time to make money are likely to end by taking it much too seriously.—That plane in the airport below is fluttering around like a moth that's just been burned in a lamp.—They wouldn't let in old John Dewey on account of all this loose talk of his about a third party. Still, I suppose it was the kind of thing that has to be pretty rigorously limited—they were certainly quite right in keeping out prohibition. Ben Marsh, of the People's Lobby, Dewey's political manager, announced that he was going to appear and heckle the speakers. He claimed that the independent Senators ought to have been able to force an extra session and get some of these matters attended to, that Hoover would have been glad of the excuse to call one. Still, Ben Marsh never made good his threat.—Still, one would like to see them come out and say, "Capitalism has got to go. It's just a question of time, so we're trying to make the transition easy." If they're going in for scaring the manufacturers, they might as well scare them good and proper. The progressives are certainly tongue-tied with inhibitions—they're shy of the whole language of real political thought. The surest way to shake an American political reformer and make him back down has always been to accuse him of socialism—that's what they did with Bryan, and we ought to be beyond the Bryan stage. When I came out of the Capitol with Foster last December, it was I and not he who was timid about discussing Communism in the corridors. I suppose that we still have a lingering feeling that God is going to strike us dead if we admit that our old-fashioned republic isn't the last word in political science. A few high words would do no one any harm. Stuart Chase's statement that he sent in to the conference had a good, racy, forthright ring—they really ought to have sounded off with something like that along with Norris's speech—"A Ten Year Plan for the United States"—it was too bad that Chase himself couldn't come.

Big red bee-body of the motor always outside the window with its barb-armed behind and blunt head—springs quivering in the fierce jingle and continual beat of the rhythm—suppose that thick hoop that keeps them in place flew off.—Leo Wolman's brother Sam met a man in the lavatory at the Carlton who asked him what he thought of the conference—Sam said that he hadn't been to it. Well, the man said, he had come all the way from Boston for it. What did he think about it? asked

Sam. Well, said the man, I don't see what's the use of their planning what to do with industry when industry's controlled by capital.—Leo Wolman's story about Lincoln Steffens—he met Steffens beaming with well-being for the first time in his career. What's the matter? You look so cheerful, said Wolman. I've been waiting for this moment for years, said Steffens—to see all you fellows together, up against a blank wall and don't know what to do about it!

Neutral brown land, tree-bristling or mud-spongy—neutral and dullish mirror of the water. Those long roads, bent like pipes at moderate angles or curving a minimum, with black cars eternally traveling along them. Well: this is a little bit dull—the time has come to read *The New Yorker*. (*He reads The New Yorker.*)

Long gray buildings—is this the Dupont works?—gray colony of company houses. There's something solemn and grim about a great industry—it seems to weigh upon the executives as heavily as upon the workers—it's something like the army—but why the hell should it be?—I suppose that anything effective that's done will come from the labor end. What can the progressives do but get publicity and create a favorable atmosphere?—put through a little legislation perhaps. Will they ever be able to connect with those people down there in the houses along the notched streets? Suppose Hillman got to be president of the A. F. of L.—it was almost as if having him speak at the same session as William Green was intended to make people contrast them. One of the labor experts was very hopeful—he thought that the A. F. of L. would get to the point of throwing its leaders out and would then, under new enlightened leadership, embark on a whirlwind campaign of organizing—it would be easy to pick up the auto workers—if the Communists could go down South and get the textile workers, what couldn't a legitimate movement do?—Is this utopian? Somebody was telling me that he was talking to an official of the Socialist Labor party, and asked him what he thought was going to happen. Why, said the Socialist Laborite confidently, capitalism is soon going to break down and the Socialist Labor party will step in and take over the government. Still, every new regime, I suppose, is really set up by a very small group of people.

Philadelphia still seen by daylight, but with series of little yellow lamps along the bridges and the streets—6:15, exactly as scheduled.—I wonder whether Cutting has ever read Marx—he evidently reads a good deal—and has been to Russia, as few other Senators have. Still, those men in the British Labor government have unquestionably read Marx. I suppose people never get to the point of taking any very drastic action about anything till their interests are pretty seriously affected. There is at least a chance that a man who is badly off will take steps to better himself—but how can people with property dispossess themselves?—a high standard

of living seems to be something that, whether you inherit it or acquire it, you can never really disentangle yourself from, and unless you're extremely eccentric, you can't help feeling more solidarity with other people with the same standard of living than with anybody else whatever, no matter how worthy or badly off. It's only when people are far-sighted enough to see their high standard of living threatened that they do anything more than talk. Borah denounced "the capitalists" for inflating General Motors, and so forth, declared that 80 percent of the money was owned by 4 percent of the people, but then hastened to assure his audience—the big radio audience they had arranged for him rather than the people in the room—that he wasn't proposing to confiscate their money: "Let them keep it!" Somebody else was talking about a plan for raising the standard of living of the poor without lowering the standard of living of the rich. The trouble is that neither the politicians nor the intellectuals have really been hit by the depression—the people that ought to supply the ideas—I've done unusually well this winter myself—I suppose that nobody at that conference was in anything but very comfortable circumstances—well paid journalists, distinguished professors, grange and labor officials, political people with sound positions.—Well, there's a great big public-service plant with its chimneys, declaring itself in yellow block letters all alone on the Jersey mudbanks somewhere in the neighborhood of Trenton—a few boats resting on the river at evening—red flames flaring from inside some factory—Trenton in the gathered darkness, a thickish ringworm rash of lights that twinkle curiously in the haze, irregularly here and there but with a sort of steady rhythm, as we fly past it—a red and dark sooty west, the looping streams.—One thing about Wash-

ington is that it's so detached from the rest of the country—it was a mistake to have the capital like that, after all—a special city for political life, no wonder politics isn't serious—and literary New York's just as bad as far as the writers are concerned—though it's the biggest industrial city in the country, according to Wolman, if you count in Newark—which we'll presently be coming to.—The black countryside, a last glint of cold streams, roads in the black with the same little cars still traveling along them steadily but now with their lights on—lights of towns, embedded in the dark of distance, buried—I can't even tell where Princeton is. Another bigger rash of lights breaking out—that's Newark: an electric sign: you can't see what it's advertising, but it's a red arrow jerking back and forth, pointing first one way, then the other—thick worm-winding ribbons of water cut out on the black in clear gray—going into the big twinkling limitless light-bed, ruled strongly across with lines of light.—Up against a thing like that, the most that anybody can do is very little, I suppose.—Still, you don't want to let it buffalo you.—Is any real political interest coming to life down there?—that underground union that was starting in Detroit as I left—that \$8 that those starving Arkansas farmers sent in to *The Daily Worker*, vastly to the staff's surprise.—A great criss-cross web of lights—signaling in the dark—field pricked out with green, yellow and red. This turning and milling in the air makes you a little sick—lists very far over to the left, encounters a pointer of light—down—gliding just above the ground—takes the opening neatly and cleanly in the enclosure of green lights—a bump, taxi-ing in—gives her her head in a last triumphant snorting charge, tilted tail-down, to the port.

EDMUND WILSON.

Welcome to Our Chain Gang!

WHILE the world of Nordic fauna is so exercised over the report that lumber destined for American use was imported from Soviet Russia where it was cut and squared by convicts, almost nothing is being said about forced labor in the United States. In Florida and other Southern states it has long been the custom to lease out convicts to contractors for field, road or timber work. Conditions in these camps are notoriously bad, surpassing even the most lurid descriptions of convict-labor camps in Russia. But of all the camps in America, none is worse than those existing in Florida.

My acquaintance with convict-labor camps in Florida was made very much against my will. Together with some other hoboes seeking escape from the heights—or depths—of business depression, I

migrated into the Southland via the side-door pullman. I had friends in Jacksonville, and decided I could linger on somehow through the winter, returning when the weather and the trade curve improved. Some of the experienced boes cautioned the novices en route, reciting experiences in which they or their acquaintances had been arrested for riding freight trains and sentenced to months of slavery in the swampy lumber camps. Their harrowing tales I put down to the reputed antipathy for work shared by most humans, and particularly the chronic gypsies.

Having found no sign of danger thus far, several of the younger victims of the depression, including myself, flung caution to Florida's tropical air and perched on the roof of a freight car. We were approaching Tallahassee, the state capital.

The morning was delightfully warm, the scenery enchanting and the Spanish moss clinging to the live oaks seemed to bid us welcome to the land where Ponce de Leon sought rejuvenation long ago.

Suddenly a member of the train crew hastened toward us along the top of the lurching cars.

"Two bucks apiece from you bums, or off you go," the laborite shouted above the roar of the train.

The boes laughed. There was not that much money among the entire lot.

"It's Tallahassee for all of you," was his verdict, as he moved ahead, interviewing the rest of the insolvent entourage.

Hardly had the stranger disappeared, when a railroad dick hurried toward us from the opposite direction. Evidently this was the *modus operandi*; first the boes are frisked, then jailed. The dick carried a revolver and several pair of handcuffs. Two of the travelers managed to climb down and jump off the train. The rest of us were not so nimble footed and were chained almost before we knew what had happened. The dick was an experienced operative, for he chained us in trios, completing the job in each group by linking one man's leg to an iron rung on the car roof, thus making escape impossible. Arrests of this sort were apparently commonplace, because the sheriff's automobile was awaiting the train's arrival and we were at once whisked away to the county jail.

Negro prisoners occupied the first floor of the jail, the second floor being reserved for white guests. There were five Negro prisoners, including one who was so frequent a guest of the county that he enjoyed a bit of freedom at times and was allowed to aid in cleaning up around the place. When the jailer left the cell room this Negro would describe in painful detail the fate that awaited us.

"White folks is worse off at camp because dey works harder den niggers—boss make 'em," he explained.

The judge seemed to be a native of the community. He spat great gobs of tobacco juice into a sawdust box with enviable marksmanship. A jug of corn juice under the judicial table was brought up twice during the brief hearing to slake the court's thirst. We noticed the judge was the only one who drank. According to this Daniel there was no difference in our cases because we were caught on the same train. The sentence was \$25 and costs or ninety days. Other boes were brought into the jail, all with the same story. No jobs, no resources, no food. The freight train to the Southland offered a chance of survival. Then the arrest by the contractors' agents before the end of the train ride and conviction by the judge.

On the ninth day after my arrest I was taken in an automobile to the lumber company's camp, some sixty miles into primeval forest. From a prisoner I learned that the state leases the prisoners to lumber firms for \$20 a month. The firms are sole

guardians of the unfortunates, most of whom are jailed for trifling offenses, liquor selling comprising the major cause of confinement. At the pace the men are driven I figured out that equal labor performed by "free" workers ought to bring at least \$200 a month. The profits to the contractors were evidently large enough to maintain a powerful political machine to perpetuate the system.

"Don't look restive," a tall Westerner warned me, as he stole a moment from his shovel. "They all shoot in self-defense and you are buried in the swamp the same day. No coroners to worry about and your family is far away. They're so ignorant that when I told a guard I was from Oregon he asked which county it was in."

Several hundred whites and blacks were ruled by an undersized "whipping boss" who strutted among the prisoners with a loaded pistol and a six-foot thong of rawhide. A strict etiquette involving a complicated procedure when approaching or leaving a guard was enforced with blows at the slightest lapse from the regulations.

Every man exhibited the marks of this brutality. Swollen eyes, bruised shoulders, welts on the back, hips, arms, legs or wherever the whipping boss could land his leather whip. Some had ugly, festering sores, for infections could not be treated in such primitive places. It seemed to me there was not a whole or sound body in the whole camp, excepting, of course, the guards and the boss.

"Be thankful you are not lame or rheumatic," one prisoner comforted me. "Alive or dead, they work you to the finish line."

The prisoners slept in a long wooden shed with a latrine midway. This open sewer was so offensive that many of the men intentionally ate light suppers to avoid aggravated nausea. There were no cots, the prisoners lying on filthy mattresses on the floor. It all reminded me of descriptions of slave ships.

Loud hammering on a gong awoke the camp at 5:30 in the morning. Breakfast was served in an adjoining shed and consisted of corn bread, bacon and syrup. On alternate mornings a few spoonfuls of black coffee were added to the menu.

We carried our dinners in tin pails. Boiled lima beans, fat pork with a saurian smell strongly reminiscent of the alligator cage in the Cincinnati zoo and some rubbery corn bread in which I occasionally found a pair of weevils hard at work trying to effect an entrance, comprised the noon repast.

Food that remained in the tin pails had to be returned to camp for it was cooked into the next day's dinner. If the Soviet camps are as nicely managed—from the point of view of profit—the Russian proletariat must be rolling in wealth by this time. Fed as I was on schoolbook ideals, cherry-tree stories and the crossing of Delawares, it was hard for me to understand such a situation, making every allowance for the Southland's surviving medievalism.

Guards and overseers wore hip boots. We waded in the primordial slime without protection and ran the risk of snake bites. My first day's work was to help remove some of Florida's landscape and thus make room for the railway tracks to serve the log trains. That first day in camp was made memorable by the sight of a whipping which the chief cossack vouchsafed me shortly before noon. Until that moment I never fully appreciated Tolstoy's description of Russian floggings. The young boy thus punished was another wayfarer like myself. His cries as the heavy leather thong bit into his flesh turned my blood cold.

Unused to such exposure, I soon fell ill and before the close of the day I was feverish and utterly unmindful of camp rules. Forgetting to stand at attention just before approaching a guard, the fellow swung at me with his rifle butt. I committed the awful indiscretion of trying to dodge the blow whereupon the guard lunged at me, and struck me in the face with his gloved hand—a teamster's working glove, it proved to be.

When I arrived at camp that evening the camp boss noted my retarded pace and tried to spur me on with a vicious kick in my rear. This knocked me down, so he jerked me to my feet again and delivered a staggering blow on the back of my neck.

"What in hell's the matter with that damned Jew?" he asked my fellow prisoners.

The following morning after the prisoners left for the swamp the camp boss whipped me as I lay on the mattress on the floor. Too sick to groan I received a few lashes, the squat ceiling and poor light considerably cramping the style of the boss. He left with the warning that I had better be either dead or cured in the morning.

A prisoner whose sentence ended that day took my name and the address of my family and of my relatives in Florida, promising to notify them of my imprisonment. I was too ill to worry over my condition. The camp boss did not like the idea of having sick people, especially Jews, on his hands.

"They never did like to work," he told the one-armed Negro who acted as *valet de chambre* during my illness. "When this Jew dies save his glasses for me—they look like they was gold rimmed."

Fortunately I survived, and in a few days was back in the swamps. The letter mailed by the kindly prisoner reached my friends in Jacksonville and they immediately obtained my release by paying the \$25 and costs—plus the "expenses" of the lumber company which had so thoughtfully looked after my health and comfort during my enforced sojourn in Florida's swamps.

ISAAC HERMAN SCHWARTZ.

Policies for a New Party

The Final Article in Dr. Dewey's Series

INSURGENTS of both parties in the Senate have united in calling a conference to consider some "economic and political problems affecting the welfare of every citizen, which must be solved if this Republic is to endure." The conference will have been held before this article is published, but its opening statement will become historic. "In the midst of depression this country is without effective political or economic leadership." These words are an authoritative statement of the fact upon which this series of articles is based. The further fact that the call for the conference emphasizes its non-partisan character is a reënforcement of the claim that the old parties and the party system operated by them have broken down.

It is significant also that throughout the call the words economic and political are everywhere conjoined. Four of the five problems chosen for discussion are economic: the fifth, "return to representative government," is political. And the political issue only states the conclusion that follows from the economic issues. Why does there have to be a "return"? What has caused the departure from

representative government which makes a return necessary? Everybody knows the implication of the political demand. Economic privilege has taken possession of government.

It is because of this fact that the real issues of the day cannot be considered and solved separately. The whole is greater than the mere sum of its parts. I stated publicly some time ago that "the dominant issue is bigger than the tariff, public ownership of modern utilities, transportation and just taxation combined." The people must be persuaded to see these questions in relation to one another, as aspects of one inclusive and overshadowing issue: Are the people of the United States to control the government and to use it in behalf of the peace and welfare of society; or is control to continue to pass into the hands of small, powerful economic groups which use the machinery of administration and legislation for their own purposes?

Were it only a matter of using legislation to get this or that remedial measure passed, I should be willing to believe that a union of progressives from both parties might be effective. But to get one measure enacted requires the cumulative force

of a people aroused to an underlying and inclusive issue. For many years, taxation on land values has been urged; it has the weight of the best economic opinion behind it—not indeed in the form of the “single tax,” but as a taxation of socially created values. Its justice and its importance are evident to any clear-thinking person who is not swayed by self-interest. Why has it made so little progress? I think it is because as an isolated issue it is impotent against the entrenched economic forces of privilege which would suffer if it were made a law. Only when it unites with other issues in one overpowering fundamental issue can it gain the power needed to sweep away the forces that obstruct it. The enemy is one, for its elements are combined to maintain economic privilege in control of government.

I see no difference between this case and that of the tariff, the power issue, insecurity of unemployment and basic relief of the farmer. Divide and conquer is a good policy for the opposition; it is fatal for the progressive human cause to believe that it can divide itself into partial issues and win any significant victory. Unite the different streams and you will have a flood that will sweep away every obstruction. Division, however, will only continue the past futility of progressivism.

Even if remedial action is successfully taken on some one point, it will not amount to much in the end unless it is an integral part of a larger movement. Organized business is elastic and adaptable. It gives way in one place only to bulge out in another. How many “reform” causes have been adopted in the past only to become relatively impotent in the end? Industrial and financial interests have fought them, or circumvented them, or even used them for their own purposes. Though many a reform is denounced as “anarchistic,” or fatal to a republican form of government, in a few years it becomes part and parcel of the accepted and unchanged business regime. It is no wonder the people have grown weary and cynical about the value of such reforms.

Again, no movement gets far on a purely intellectual basis. It has to be emotionalized; it must appeal to the social imagination. A certain number of persons can get excited about Muscle Shoals, or about the attempts to grab a monopoly of water power in Montana or Virginia. Pool these problems together under the title of “super-power” and to most people it is a relatively technical issue with details too numerous to remember for any length of time. How many persons now recall what the issue was in Montana, or why some employees of the Power Commission at Washington were dismissed?

Everything points to a single conclusion. The only way to achieve any lasting reform is to find the one great issue on which all others converge. You can then show how special issues are parts of it, and can make your more intellectual appeals.

Flags and flag waving *are* necessary, not because, as Carlyle said, people are mostly fools, but because man is so constituted that every great movement in history has owed its force to the stirring of emotion.

Democracy was once such a cause. Equal opportunity for everyone to better his condition and that of his children brought hundreds of thousands to this country and led them to give it their devoted allegiance. Though the words have lost their magic, their fundamental meaning remains, and the problem is to translate them into terms that signify something vital in the present complex situation. All great powers of the past, political and ecclesiastic, have had their day and then fallen into complete or partial obscurity. For their power was not inherent, but was derived from the passivity and submission of the elements over which they exercised dominion. So it is today with dominant economic power, in spite of all its ramifications and its subtle methods of control. It endures not of its own might but by grace of those who do not care, or who hope to draw profit from it themselves. A political change cannot be produced off-hand. But there are times when a large number of social tendencies previously more or less separated draw together, and masses of people feel, even if they do not clearly see, their unity. Such a time is here.

In order to be workable, the policies of a new political movement must be elastic and must have unified appeal. Recovery of the agencies of the government by the national community for the service of the nation meets both conditions. It is neither rigid and doctrinaire nor so vague that it cannot be translated into definite legislative measures. It is not committed to any dogma about ultimate ideals, nor to any preordained theoretical scheme as to the way in which desirable social changes must be brought about. Negatively, there is a foe that can be located and identified. The usurpation of functions of government by an economic group in its own interests gives the opportunity for aggressive attack; and a sense of conflict and battle is a necessary part of any movement which enlists the imagination and the emotions. Much of the confusion and fatigue of tired liberals has been due to the fact that they felt the situation to be so complicated that they could not focus their attack. The present depression has made clear the incapacity of captains of industry and finance to lead the social host into anything but chaos, suffering and insecurity.

Mere attack without a constructive counterpart is always futile in the long run. The recovery of the agencies of legislation, administration and judicial decision to serve social ends, which the Preamble to the Constitution declares to be the object of government, translates itself almost automatically into terms of a flexible political program. No commitment to dogma or fixed doctrine is neces-

sary. The program can be defined in terms of direct social needs and can develop as these change. While opportunistic in application, it will be definite and concentrated in purpose. It will not get lost in a dispersed inventory of scattered items of reform so long as it sticks to the unifying principle of the use of government to effect the subordination of economic forces to the maintenance of human justice and happiness. The unregulated play of these forces has brought us to our present condition. Even if the leaders of finance and industry were so frightened by the work they have accomplished as to make an effort at coördination and stabilization, governmental action must come into play. President Hoover's constant appeal to self-reliance, enterprise, private initiative, is simply puerile; it is a voice from the grave in which human hopes and happiness are buried. Not that these words do not represent excellent qualities, but that their exercise *under existing conditions* is just what has brought society to its present catastrophe. Governmental action is necessary to change these conditions and give them a new direction; only then can the honored qualities have a chance for expression.

Since the specifications of the general program must develop immediately out of the needs and troubles of society, they will be elastic and growing. But the needs and troubles are now sufficiently evident so that some of the specifications are clearly indicated. Big power occupies the same strategic position today that the railways did fifty years ago. The whole industrial development of the future (as well as a multitude of domestic amenities and comforts) is bound up with the question of whether the generation and distribution of power is to be in the hands of finance or is to be controlled, and, if ownership is necessary to ensure adequate control, owned by society organized to protect itself. President Hoover has denied that he is acting in behalf of the power interest. His personal intent is of no importance in comparison with the fact that his entire belated philosophy leads his *actions* to the support of that interest.

It is impossible to think of power and its relation to public utilities without thinking of how largely the orgy of the stock market of defunct "prosperity" was turned into a funeral wake by the stock jobbing connected with the power interests. Stock holding, with its attendant buying and selling, is, I am competently informed, the greatest single industry in these United States. The issuance of securities needs regulation. It would be a good deal to expect that those who profit by manipulation will undertake this regulation. In default of such action, the millions who are now the victims of this lack of regulation cry out for governmental control. Only those expert in economics can work out the means of such regulation. But adequate publicity, "cards on the table" as Robert Hallowell said, is clearly one factor in the program.

Since private control of natural resources, of the land with its mines, mineral deposits, water power, oil, natural gas, is the stronghold of monopolistic privilege, it must be attacked in its fortress. Society always controls the agency of taxation; taxation of land values, which are due to the requirements of society, is the only adequate method. Since industry under present conditions is dependent upon transportation and communication, since the consumer as well is at the mercy of the same agencies, and since these agencies tend automatically to become monopolistic, they must, by municipal, state and federal action, pass into the hands of the public.

Control of opinion is the greatest weapon of anti-social forces. We are ruled by headlines, publicity agents and "counsellors of public relations." Propaganda can be attacked and its force weakened only by one agency—informed publicity. The steady encroachment by organized capital upon guaranteed civil liberties can be met only by organized vigilance in behalf of free speech, free press and peaceable assembly. The forces which are undermining these instrumentalities, upon which all other forms of freedom depend, are so subtle and efficient that there is no hope of recovering these fundamental rights, unless they are made an open issue. A free circulation of the pure air of intelligence is a prerequisite in any attempt to cleanse society of its corruptions and enable it to lift its load of oppression.

We have long been without leadership in international affairs. Some progress has been made in the interests of peace, and our relations with the countries to the south of us have undergone a degree of improvement. But the absence of war and military intervention is not the equivalent of genuine peace. The source of our imperialism, at best only transferred from armed intervention into more subtle channels, lies, as everybody knows, in industry and finance moved by desire for personal gain. The interest of normal industry is in the direction of friendly and coöperative relations with other countries. But this general interest is constantly interfered with and deflected by special interests of finance and by monopolists of natural resources who call upon the government to protect them by diplomacy or force. Every imperialistic adventure on our part produces resentment in other countries; it degrades their standard of living and operates to reduce the market for foreign consumption of goods produced by normal industry in this country—and all to enrich a few already endowed beyond the limits of rational use, and to feed their fever for inordinate power. Our mad rush for economic hegemony is retarding the normal growth of industry in Great Britain and Germany; in the end, if continued, it is bound not only to destroy our foreign market, but to throw Europe into a condition ripe for revolution. The question of reparations to Germany and debts owed us by our late allies is allowed to drift. A new party

must have a sincere and clear-cut policy as to our international relations.

There are many matters not mentioned which are incidents of general policy. They will almost take care of themselves as the general movement gains momentum. The question of proper surtaxes on the higher brackets of income is an instance of what I mean, and so are death duties on vast fortunes. Action in behalf of social well-being requires money. Recognition of this fact by the wealthy is one of the chief causes of opposition to the extension of public responsibilities and to a decent relief of suffering. A public awake to the control of government in behalf of social needs will recognize this fact as surely as does Mr. Mellon. The unemployment issue is another instance. Something will be done in any case. But the thoroughness with which anything is done will depend upon whether the measures are a sop, or are part of a general policy. The ultimate problem is not one of unemployment, but of opportunities for stable and secure employment. The national income of some ninety billions is adequate to take care of the situation. Measures which actually effect its equitable distribution will give work to those willing and able to work; and only such measures will bring about this result.

I am under no illusion as to the obstacles to be overcome in creating a new party to undertake the task that has been sketched. The task goes down to the fundamentals of social life. But in that fact lies the hope for its success. A movement cannot be created; it has to create itself. The issue is too grave and the consequences at stake too momentous to permit half-measures. Those who suppose that with a little patching up here and there things can go on as they have been going are under an illusion greater than that of those who believe in the possibility of a new political formation. If they cannot see the signs of the times, if they carry their resistance too far, their illusion will be rudely and violently shattered. No power endures forever—that is the one thing which history teaches.

When economic power is social and political power on a large scale and yet is irresponsible, a change from chaos and anarchy to order is inevitable. Civilizations have gone down because of eruptions from without or exhaustion from within. But a society possessed of science and technological equipment will not commit voluntary suicide. The alternative is planned economy. At present there are no signs that "business adrift" has the will or the intelligence to coördinate itself in the social interest. Politics on the other hand cannot do everything. Even if the Russian experiment succeeds in accomplishing economic planning by political means, Russia is Russia, and the United States is the United States. Starting from scratch, industrially speaking, with a people which lacks the individualistic tradition psychologically as well as economically and politically is a very different thing from reor-

ganizing advanced industrialism saturated with traditions of liberty and self-help.

But a planned economy cannot come into existence without political action. George Soule has recently indicated in these columns some definite ways in which the government can intervene through boards of control. Industry self-regulating in behalf of social interest is a remote ideal. Even if the more intelligent among industrial captains were desirous of effecting a movement in this direction, they cannot accomplish much unless organized society lays down general conditions and provides a mechanism. The people's recovery of the control of government from the usurpation by interests which, as I have said, reign but do not govern, is not an end in itself; it is a precondition for the adoption of measures and policies which will make economic power responsible.

A planned economy will reverse the direction of our economic movement. Instead of throwing the whole weight of legislation and administration upon the promotion of production, at the expense of consumption and the standard of living, it will regulate production in the interest of consumption. Though we can repeat indefinitely the fact that our national income and technological resources are adequate to ensure a decent and secure living for all, we will not get anywhere until we are prepared to use politics as an agency for obtaining a distribution of wealth which will maintain a high standard of living. A planned economy, and industry and finance administered in the interest of consumption, are synonymous terms. This is the goal of a new political movement, as the need for it is found in the present disordered condition. The measures I have indicated are steps toward that goal.

JOHN DEWEY.

Acquiescence to Autumn

The churlish weather of the mind
Thickens toward winter, iterates
The bleak senescence of the year.
An iron augury freights
The blood. There will be sleet, and blear,
Ambiguous dawns, and roads sodden and blind.

It is better thus, perhaps. We were not meant
To bear the long attrition of the sun.
Summer is fierce and sweet and insolent,
And it is done.
Summer in the mind is a brief and arrogant season,
Consumed of its own fire. The falcon word
Hovers to earth again; the lean horizon
It hunted once is shrunken and dull and blurred.

Rust eats the year. A desultory rain
Scribbles the windows of the brain.
The highways of the mind are mire
Stiffened with frost. Heap high the fire;
Shutter the streaming pane;
And hood the hawk. He will not hunt again.

TED OLSON.

Making Bolsheviks at Palm Beach

WHENEVER I hear persons discussing the current depression and suffering and want, I simply smile bitterly. They have heard of such things, but I am in a community where I can see them with my own eyes. Here in Palm Beach, once vulgarly nicknamed the "gold coast" of Florida, I have seen privation that is privation!

For several years the newspaper for which I am society reporter has sent me to Palm Beach during the winter to study social conditions. Every day during the season it has been my privilege to telegraph my paper little pleasantries about Mrs. Busk dining at the Bath and Tennis club, that Mr. Melornah was seen on the Everglades links and that Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Cheddingham dined at home with friends.

But this winter it is all changed and I do not have nearly so much to write about, on account of the Bolsheviks. In the past, I used to telegraph two columns of luncheon and dinners and teas to my paper every day, but now I am doing well if I have more than half a column of social notes. There are just about as many parties as ever, but people don't want their names in the paper as giving or attending such frivolous affairs because it makes more Reds.

Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, who is a congressman and a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and who knows so much about the Red Menace, came down here recently and explained to the colonists about the Bolsheviks.

Mr. Fish is but one of two lecturers who have been here to urge the colony to think better of its ways. Mr. Billy Sunday, the well known evangelist, was the other speaker. But while Mr. Sunday made God seem very eminent, Mr. Fish made the Bolsheviks seem very, very Imminent.

And this latter fact was a great shock to a colony as rich and sensitive as Palm Beach. Everyone's nerves were already jumpy from the depression, for it is enough to make anyone morbid and alarmed when really Important Hostesses start serving watered champagne and domestic caviar.

So one can understand that Mr. Fish had a melancholy group to deal with when he came here recently to discuss "Russian Activities" before the most socially select and wealthy audience in the nation. And what Mr. Fish didn't say about the Bolsheviks! Well, people were afraid to go home and open closet doors or look under beds.

The audience's reaction was immediate. It will no longer be possible to point the finger of scorn at society folk and accuse them of callousness and indifference. Less than twenty-four hours after Mr. Fish had frightened everyone so, Mr. Manee Mints, one of the richest men in the United States, called up all the members of the Press assembled

in Palm Beach and commanded an audience at his palatial home.

The little press gathering in Mr. Mints's library was composed of five ladies and a gentleman, and between us we represented The New York Times, The New York Herald Tribune, The New York Evening Post, The New York Sun, The New York Evening World, The Chicago Tribune and The Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Of course, a big man of affairs such as Mr. Mints, with Bolsheviks on his mind (for it turned out that they were what he had on his mind), had no time to say "Good day" to us, but we had scarcely hoped for so much anyway. As Mr. Mints has a great deal of leisure to handle down here, he has no time to waste, and he went at once to the heart of the matter without any preliminary amenities.

The newspapers, he said, were simply dreadful, almost unbearable, and made life very hard for persons like himself; because the Press went about making Bolsheviks. And the papers make Bolsheviks because we society reporters wired them whenever Mr. Mints and his beautiful and popular wife had a few friends in for a bite of lunch or supper.

The Press, Mr. Mints pointed out, did a very great deal of harm, a very great deal indeed, when it might just as easily do a little good occasionally. But the Press didn't seem to want to do good and it took the heart right out of Mr. Mints.

Well, one can imagine how surprised we were, because none of us ever dreamed that Mr. Mints was bothering his head about the Press, except to see that his name was spelled correctly. It hadn't seemed possible that he had time to worry about us when he had so many banks and corporations to merge and so many coupons to clip.

But that's where we were mistaken, for Mr. Mints confided that he had even spoken to Mr. Joseph Pulitzer—or was it Mr. Ralph Pulitzer?—about what a menace the newspapers were and how foul their influence had become. But evidently Mr. Pulitzer had been unable to do anything about it, because the papers hadn't improved.

Mr. Mints said the newspapers didn't even print the news correctly. He had taken particular note of this situation the week before Mr. Fish came to Palm Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Mints had spent that particular week in going through the 1930 accumulation of press clippings. There were 3,000 clippings and not a single one had been altogether accurate!

It was his opinion, Mr. Mints added, that the Press didn't want to tell the truth, because he had had a bitter experience with the New York papers when one of his corporations had merged with another corporation. The metropolitan papers wouldn't accept Mr. Mints's own typewritten statement about the merger, but made up a version of their own out of whole cloth.

But, Mr. Mints declared, we society reporters were as guilty as our papers, and if we did not stop

telling the public that he and Mrs. Mints and other members of the winter colony gave teas and dinners, we could expect the lower classes to march on Washington.

One of the newspaper girls (always a forward young thing) suggested that our papers might discharge us if we stopped reporting the teas and dances and that it would be embarrassing to starve.

But Mr. Mints just ignored her and went right on telling us about the breadline he helps to maintain in New York. He feeds 4,000 persons a day, and they would certainly feel badly, if not plain antagonistic and Red, if they saw in the papers that Mr. Mints was giving parties in Palm Beach. He said those men actually picked newspapers out of garbage cans!

Mr. Mints's conclusion was much more drastic than we had expected. He positively forbade us to use his name or that of his beautiful and popular wife in our newspapers ever again. Or at least until the depression is ended.

Of course, this was a bitter, bitter blow to us newspaper people. The rotogravure editor of my paper wired me at once, saying he could not imagine what he would do without Mr. and Mrs. Mints's pictures. But I telegraphed back to remind him that this is a time when we must all be brave.

Palm Beach.

INEZ CALLAWAY ROBB.

Washington Notes

Return of the "Chief"—Tax Increases—The Extra Session Again—Progressive Pressure—The World Court

THE RETURN of the "Chief" to the White House after his ten-day rest on the battleship "Arkansas," and his enthusiastic ovation from the unfortunate Porto Ricans, which in volume and earnestness, I am told, surpassed any he has received in the United States since he took office more than two years ago, was not attended by any degree of optimism. There are plenty of causes for discouragement, the most obvious being the condition of the Treasury. When Mr. Hoover left Washington, those intellectual giants in the Treasury Department (I do not include among them the august Andrew) upon whom he relies for statistical information assured him the deficit would be under \$500,000,000. That was the top figure, too, mentioned in Congress during the bitter bonus-loan discussion. Though the figure was assailed by various senatorial orators as inaccurate and absurdly high, it now appears that it was inaccurate enough, but absurdly low instead of high. With the first quarter's income-tax receipts \$200,000,000 below last year's, the deficit for this year is now calculated at \$700,000,000, and one of equal size is anticipated for 1932.

This was extremely unpleasant news both for the "Chief" and his party managers and associates. They feel it necessary to explain away the huge hole in the Treasury so

that they will not enter the presidential campaign completely crippled. In the next Congress the progressives in both House and Senate plan to fight for an increase in rates on large incomes in order to cover the deficit and provide a running revenue. Needless to say, this section of their program will win no party support from either Republicans or Democrats. The administration naturally will oppose a tax increase on the threshold of the presidential campaign, for, added to the present deficit, it would only increase the handicap.

The Republican policy, announced by the majestic Watson of Indiana last week, will be to borrow, not tax. And in this move the Democrats, though they claim to be champions of the people, will, I think, acquiesce. The Democratic party is at present controlled by a small coterie of rich men who would be hit by an increase in the higher brackets. It is their idea that it would lessen the chances of a Democratic success in 1932 if the party in the next session were to join with the progressives in levying additional toll upon the wealthy. Hence, I think that though there will be a number of Democrats from the South and West to support the tax-increase program, there will be a sufficiently powerful group to prevent its enactment.

The fight, however, will be made and the onus for its failure will be laid to the regular Republicans. It was understood some weeks ago that Under-secretary Mills of the Treasury felt there should be an increase in rates. That, however, is the purely fiscal attitude, the political one being that it would be very, very bad. This latter attitude will prevail, for, judging at least by the convictions of the so-called party leaders in both camps, there is little chance of the progressives' winning their tax fight. But that will not prevent the fight from being made in as embarrassing a form to the defenders of the high-bracket boys as possible. The prospect is not pleasing to the White House candidate.

Another little matter which detracted from the pleasure of the home coming was the renewed demand for a special session of Congress. The main argument advanced against a special session was that it would "retard business recovery." The general idea expressed was that once Congress adjourned and "business" was relieved from the fear of "legislative interference," economic conditions would immediately improve and all trouble disappear.

It is now a month since Congress adjourned and if there has been any improvement in economic conditions, the evidence is not visible to the naked eye. On the contrary, unemployment is more general than ever before and suffering in the cities has reached a menacing stage. Pressure for the extra session is now being applied to the White House from two directions. The progressives and Socialists insist one is necessary so that emergency appropriations can be voted to relieve the hunger and distress which individual communities seem unable to cope with, and so that legislation along constructive, stabilizing lines can be passed. High in the list is unemployment insurance, which is gaining more and more support, and it is inevitable that some form of it will be passed in the next Congress, whether it meets before December or not.

Pressure for an extra session is also being exerted by those who advocate the ratification of the World Court

protocol. This group believes that the logical and sensible thing for Mr. Hoover to do is to convene the Senate in session either in October or early in November, for the World Court problem could then be settled before the regular session began. This would prevent the World Court from becoming involved with other questions, it would avoid the danger of deals and trades and be distinctly in the interests of orderly procedure and the public weal.

Popular sentiment for an extra session is being created in various sections and telegrams and letters begging Mr. Hoover to act are pouring into the White House. However, I do not believe an extra session will be called. For one thing, Mr. Hoover has in recent months become extremely embittered toward the progressive Senate leaders. It is they who have been responsible for the most damaging attacks and scathing criticism. He regards them as his enemies and he regards their advocacy of a special session as primarily designed to injure him.

Even if all this were not so, his ineptness in dealing with Congress makes him vastly prefer it to be absent from Washington. In this attitude he differs from other Presidents only in the degree of his antagonism. From time to time he makes friendly overtures toward progressive Senators—not very long ago, for example, he had Borah to lunch—but these overtures never bear fruit. He is so fundamentally conservative that there is no place where a progressive can meet him, no room for discussion. The result is that his few contacts with the progressive Senators have done nothing to narrow the gap between them, nothing to change his view that their demand for a special session is prompted solely by the desire to hurt him. He is a curious man with a sensitive soul and a stubborn streak.

Though I am not in a position to prove the rumor, and do not as a rule take as necessarily true what Senators—particularly Old Guard Senators—report the President as having said, yet certainly Senator Watson spread the word around among his colleagues that Mr. Hoover had assured him he would not call a special session to consider the Court proposal. This report was generally accepted by both sides. The anti-Court people would regard the call of the Senate alone for this purpose as a breach of faith.

The anti-World Court propaganda is largely handled by the Hearst interests, whose agents are in Washington most of the time working exclusively on the Court matter. Their game, of course, is delay, and they would rather make their fight in the confusion of a regular session than in a special one, where the decks would be clear with no chance for complications. I have believed right along that when the final showdown comes, the protocol will be ratified with votes to spare. I still think so, it being certain that the Democrats will support it with unusual solidity. However, it is interesting that the Hearst sharpshooters are convinced they have enough votes to block it. They need thirty-three and they think they have them. But then they thought so six years ago when the proposal first went through. They counted a lot of chickens then that never hatched at all, and when I state that one vote they are counting now is that of David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, confidence in their forecast is slightly shaken.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Twenty American Paintings

THAT TWENTY American paintings should be shown together at the Demotte Gallery is in itself an event of some importance. Here is one of the great international department stores of art, with headquarters on the Rue de Berri and agents or buyers wherever there are profits to be made from the production and distribution of masterpieces. And here, in its bazaar on Madison Avenue, is a room devoted to American painters, offered to the public as recognition that they form a national school, one to be given an humble but no less definite place among Buddhist sculptures, Byzantine mosaics, Barbizon landscapes and Dutch portraits of the sixteenth century.

Yet the present exhibition, for all its excellent qualities, is hardly representative of American art. It was selected by the author of "Modern American Painters," Mr. Samuel M. Kootz, a critic with violent judgments and a thesis which may or may not be justified. He believes that we cannot now have a national art; that the only hope for our painters lies in the expression of their emotions as individuals. Most American artists, so he says, are content with making "placid restatements" of Cézanne and Picasso; but he hasn't much praise for those who are less affected by influences from abroad. Americanism in subject matter is represented by Burchfield and Hopper, whose pictures he dismisses as "postcards of American scenes" for patrioteers. Americanism in technique is a matter of "lovely, eunuch-like refinement," of a "mincing obsession with pure painting problems," of "pallid understatement"—in a word, of puritanism in art.

In this mention of puritanism, I think Mr. Kootz is wholly mistaken. It is true that the technical quality which has distinguished the American painting of the last few years is a sort of orderliness, a use of clean lines and rain-washed colors, an abhorrence for sloppy workmanship. I doubt, however, that this quality has anything whatever to do with the puritan tradition. Where it exists at its purest, as in the paintings of Charles Sheeler, it is not at all unemotional: it is precision raised to the point of poetry. In other artists it is the expression of a civilization in which individual lives are confused and undirected; in which painting alone can be clean, simple, austere and organized.

I have treated Mr. Kootz's theories at length because they explain the characteristics of the present exhibition. They explain, for example, the inclusion of a great blobby emotional landscape by Benjamin Kopman and of two groups of figures painted by Max Weber in his Oriental manner. They explain the absence of any pictures whose subject matter is specifically American—with the exception, that is, of a New York interior by Charles Sheeler and two of Marin's New York landscapes, the more recent of which is especially to be admired. They explain why certain artists of talent are not represented; and they are a commentary on the fact that the exhibition, in spite of Mr. Kootz's leaning in given directions, still has a national quality, an atmosphere to distinguish it from similar exhibitions in Paris or London or Berlin.

Some of the twenty paintings should be mentioned individually. There are two oils by Preston Dickinson, who died in Spain last winter. One of them is a still life

centered upon a bottle half full of wine; the other is Quebec street scene; both are rich in color, texture and incidental forms. There is Charles Sheeler's "Upper Deck," a landscape of white ventilators seen on the "Berengaria" and painted in a way that emphasizes the cleanness rather than the raw vigor of mechanical forms. Charles Demuth, in "I Saw the Figure 5 in Gold," has produced a sort of abstract poem to William Carlos Williams, and an excellent poem, too. Dominating the whole exposition, partly by its size, partly by its position at the end of the room, but chiefly by its intrinsic qualities, is Peter Blume's "Parade." Since its completion last spring, it has appeared in half a dozen shows, but, though simple in general outline, it is rich enough in detail and internal relationships to give a different impression each time it is seen. Blume is a painter who deals with the American forms about him—decks, ventilators, factories, conveyors—but he combines them effectively, arbitrarily, and in this case he comments on them in his own fashion by having a suit of medieval armor paraded before them. His drawing is clean and exact, his color fresh, but he uses both to express the vigorous emotion which Mr. Kootz so much admires.

M. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

The R. O. T. C.

SIR: After reading your editorial expressing your pleasure that 10,000 students should protest against compulsory military training at the universities, it strikes me that you are off on the wrong tack.

Compulsion in any form is a debatable policy, but contrary to the thoughts of many, military training does not necessarily induce a military spirit. One learns that it is not all flags, parades and uniforms; one gets a lot of dirty work and button polishing, which certainly does not augment warlike ardor.

After one sees shrapnel bursting, smiting the earth with its leaden hail, one has no desire whatever to try it on human beings.

Over and above this, had more of this type of training existed prior to the War, the death rolls of the American army would probably have been considerably smaller.

War is the last thing I want; no sane man does, but when the call comes we must go. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to have had training will know damn well it is no picnic.

As for the R. O. T. C. work making one want war, dismiss it from your mind.

J. PENNINGTON GARDINER, JR.

Brookline, Mass.

Biographical Material Wanted

SIR: I am completing a full biography of the American Jew, Mordecai Manuel Noah (1785-1851), who was prominent in the early political, dramatic, diplomatic, journalistic and social life of his time.

I am very eager to establish communication with any descendants of his who may be in possession of documents or of authentic information relating to him.

I should be glad to hear from any one, in care of my publishers, the John Day Company, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All documentary matters will be scrupulously cared for and returned by registered mail immediately after perusal.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

New York City.

Starvation in Arkansas

SIR: As I think that some of your readers may be interested in a first-hand report of conditions in Arkansas, I am sending you a few excerpts from a letter I recently received.

LAURA C. WILLIAMS.

New York City.

[ENCLOSURE]

From last March until this March, we in these parts had but little over one inch rainfall, so made our fourth failure, not through any fault of our own, but unavoidable, all of us on the same level. Banks and merchants could not collect, nor could planters; so we have been and still are in a wretched state financially. Had it not been for the Red Cross and other agencies, the suffering of our people would have been great indeed.

In 1927 I had charge of the Red Cross camp at X—, feeding daily about seven thousand people. But this drought gives our county alone 23,000 out of 26,000 to be fed. My wife has spent her time fitting out families with clothing sent by our friends from the East, North and West, about one hundred families per day. Our stock is low, but in a letter this morning, American Friends' Service Committee say they will send us some. It is warmer now also, so the need will not be so great.

My work to a large extent is filling in where the Red Cross does not function. Being commissioned by our Governor chairman of the Unemployment Bureau, I am trying to get our people to working again so they can be self-supporting. For instance, today I've been distributing a car of corn sent me by friends in Iowa. The Red Cross could use this and pay the freight only as feed, but our big need is seed corn, that would mature quickly and make lots of feed. So I financed the freight on this car, \$250, and am distributing it in from one to five bushel lots as seed corn. Even if we had any seed corn (which we haven't, as none grew last year) the northern corn will mature at least six weeks earlier than native corn.

I am hoping to get another car soon. The Iowa friends have surplus corn but not surplus money to pay the freight on same.

I am also working on the feeding of school children (both white and black). The Red Cross has been allowing only three and one-half cents a day per individual, and that is being cut down now. Many of the county children were making their noonday luncheon out of hickory nuts picked up in the woods. We are now, through Red Cross and private donations, feeding over 75 percent of the children in the county one hot meal a day. This is the only meal many of these children get. There are so many ways we can use funds to help the destitute that do not come under the rigid Red Cross rules. If you desire to do so and wish to trust me with your money, to handle as I see the greatest need, I'd be only too glad to do so, and will report to you for what it is expended.

S. R. T.

As Broadway Desires

SIR: After reading, in your issue of February 18, Edmund Wilson's review of the current performance of Pirandello's play "As You Desire Me," I had a bewildered feeling—quite apart from his rather strange slip of calling "L'Innota" Lena rather than Lucia—that he must be speaking of some other play than "Come Tu Mi Vuoi," which I had just finished reading in Italian. But when I went to the Maxine Elliott Theatre to see the production, a great light dawned on me. Mr. Wilson's strictures are indeed correct as applied to the play that they are giving there—only that play can scarcely be called Pirandello's. The production itself is poor enough—it is only the acting of Judith Anderson that in any way redeems it or makes you overlook the poor casting, the poorer acting and the absurd and amateurish groupings that would be worthy of a high-school amateur performance. But we can ignore that, since Mr. Wilson confines his irritation to Pirandello as a dramatist.

In very small letters in the program you may read "adapted from the Italian of Luigi Pirandello." It would have been much nearer the truth to say, "A new play, with the names of the char-

acters, and the barest outline of the story, borrowed from Pirandello and entirely written down to what the Broadway producer considers the intellectual level of the American audience." The play as given there bears about the same resemblance to the play that Pirandello wrote that the average movie scenario does to the novel from which it is adapted. Lines, scenes, incidents, spirit, all have been changed, and what is in the Italian a delicately evocative wistful study in half-tones, all done by allusion and indirection, becomes here a heavy-handed and rather absurd melodrama. It is scarcely a compliment to the intelligence and taste of the theatre-goer to have the producer feel, as he so obviously must have felt here, that unless the play were flattened out with an elephantine tread and every bit of subtlety or metaphysics signposted for the level of twelve-year-olds, it could not succeed before an American audience. Some day I hope we may have the privilege of seeing the play that Pirandello wrote—but until then I suggest that the critics reserve judgment on Pirandello as a dramatist.

LOUISE N. TRUEBLOOD.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Black No More

SIR: There is a review of Mr. George S. Schuyler's "Black No More," in *The New Republic* for February 11, which does the book an injustice. This review says that the book is "amusing in a sophomoric way" and that the author achieves "his cynicism . . . cheaply—by an unfunny and indiscriminate lampooning of the leaders of his race." There is nothing "sophomoric" about the book, unless the reviewer thinks it sophomoric to probe the idiocies of American color phobia. And neither is the author cheaply cynical, unless one is a visionary and denies the plain facts of human nature. Let a Dr. Junius Crookman come forth with a device or formula for changing coons into whites and your reviewer would find both the whites and blacks doing just what Mr. Schuyler depicts them as doing—or maybe something worse and a little more idiotic and cruel.

The man who can write that Mr. Schuyler indulges in "an unfunny and indiscriminate lampooning of the leaders of his race" knows little of the American Negro and still less of his leaders. He knows nothing of their relative value to Negroes, although he may know a good deal about their worth to the whites. I have a suspicion that the reviewer thinks that those Negro leaders who try to make darkies acceptable to the whites should have been spared Mr. Schuyler's darts of ridicule. Evidently he is not aware of the fact that there are no sacred crows in the Negro rookery. The Negro has an unfailing sense of decency and humor which allows him to void a chuckle now and then at even his own pet foibles. Even Dr. Du Bois can laugh at Dr. Shakespeare Agamemnon Beard (*Vide the March Crisis*). And if satire is to be real satire, and not a sort of polite slap at one's personal enemies, it must ridicule both the minnows and the whales. And I am sure that your reviewer is aware of this truth

JAMES W. IVY.

Newport News, Va.

"Can Copper Be Controlled?"

SIR: Your editorial on "Can Copper Be Controlled," in a recent issue of *The New Republic*, shows a disturbing readiness to accept the picturesque blarney that the newspapers have been disseminating on the subject. To be specific, your editorial gives the impressions: (1) that the curtailment agreement of the producers is something new and that it is a very ambitious undertaking, likely to fail; (2) that the United States mines "have reached their highest peak of productivity"; (3) that international competition for control of copper production is likely.

In regard to the first, I have been greatly surprised at the publicity accorded the recent decision to cut production by 23,000 tons monthly. A larger cut was made last winter (January-February) by nearly all the American producers (North and South) while copper was still selling for eighteen cents a pound. This cut amounted in cases to as much as 30 to 40 percent of

capacity, yet it attracted little attention in the press. Furthermore, to insinuate that Union Minière du Haut Katanga, largest of the European-controlled mines, is for the first time joining with the American mines is to give a false impression. Union Minière had "played ball" with the Americans until November, 1929, when the management decided that the attempt to maintain eighteen-cent copper was not justified. Furthermore, the new copper agreement has little in common with the attempts to stabilize rubber or coffee. It involves no financial entanglement between the producers and is merely a public avowal of a relationship long evident to the trade. It was probably made public with an eye to the stock market. The immediate reaction of Wall Street demonstrates the success of the strategy.

The statement that United States mines are on the down-grade has been made so often (Stuart Chase repeated it in "Men and Machines") that it evidently is being accepted as truth. Actually, a compilation I made last May indicates that at the beginning of this year ten of our mines had reserves sufficient to maintain the entire country's rate of production in 1929 (the best year yet) over a period of seventeen years. These ten mines in 1929 contributed about 43 percent of the entire country's output. Most of the large American mines have never yet operated at their present capacity. If it ever did come to a test between them and some of their foreign competitors, with all concerned operating at full blast, our mines would probably outstrip most of the others.

But such a test is not likely to come. International competition in copper production is a bogey used by those who desire a tariff on imports into this country. Actually, American capital controls all the important mines in South America and all except one, Noranda, in Canada. The Frood mines of International Nickel are under American control, despite fairly large Canadian shareholdings. Our interests in the new Rhodesian mines are larger than is generally supposed, large enough, in fact, to insure a satisfactory adjustment of their production whenever "crucial" situations such as the present arise. War, of course, might alter that picture. On the whole, however, only Union Minière and Rio Tinto, which owns mines in Spain, are completely free of American capital. I strongly doubt that their potential competition is a source of very great worry to American copper magnates. Consumption is still the keystone in the copper situation, not destructive competition between producers.

S. D. STRAUSS.

New York City.

Briefly, the points raised in Mr. Strauss's letter may be answered as follows:

(1) Curtailment agreements among producers are not new, but the calling of an international conference to limit production proved that American curtailment alone was insufficient to meet the growing crisis of overproduction in the copper industry, intensified by new sources of supply. A considerable proportion of the reduction program applies to the African mines, which are the new and increasingly important factor in world copper production. The success of this attempted stabilization of the copper-mining industry on an international scale remains to be seen, despite the temporary rally in copper prices, which still fluctuate between ten and eleven and one-half cents a pound, as against eighteen cents last year.

(2) Let Mr. Strauss compare his compilation of figures regarding future production of American copper mines with these given in the pamphlet entitled "Some Aspects of the Copper Industry," by Professor L. C. Graton of the Geology Department of Harvard University, published January, 1930, showing a prospective decline in American copper production.

(3) International efforts to break American control of the copper-mining industry have led to the opening up of the new Rhodesian properties, which, with the Belgian Congo, will play a decisive role in world copper production in the next ten years. The extent of American interests in northern Rhodesia is undetermined, but it is recognized that British interests predominate there. As the territory is British controlled, possession in case of war, industrial or military, is an important consideration.—THE EDITORS.

When Judge Cardozo Writes

Law and Literature, and Other Essays and Addresses, by Benjamin N. Cardozo. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 190 pages. \$2.75.

TO LAYMEN, the dichotomy between law and literature is merely one aspect of the conflict between law and life. A feeling so widely and deeply held by even the most cultivated outside the law cannot be nurtured wholly upon untruth. And yet it conceals a fine covey of paradoxes which would have been fair game for a Hazlitt, though for all I know he himself shared the feeling or put to flight at least some of its paradoxes. That nothing which is human is alien to him, is truer of the lawyer than even of doctor or priest. For the lawyer's office is frequently a confessional, and long before psychiatry had its name wise lawyers had to practise its arts. The work of courts is in essence the composition of human rivalries, the arbitrament of conflicting human desires. Something of its human origin ought therefore to be secreted in the records of the law; at least an occasional heartbeat ought to be found within law-sheep binding. And the adventurous-minded, the sophisticated who do not like to slumber too easily on the dogma that law is outside of life or that life is without law, would be rewarded more richly than they suspect by those records of the variegated human scene we call the law reports. Thus, in a single pamphlet of recent opinions may be found an exciting analysis of the originality, if any, of the dramatic qualities of "Abie's Irish Rose" and disclosures regarding the practice of birth control in the United States, the more revealing because set forth with calculated sobriety. If it be true, as Robert Louis Stevenson said, that the writer who knew what to omit could turn a daily paper into an Odyssey, then, as the lawyers would say, it is *a fortiori* true of the law reports.

But I am afraid that even with these few remarks I have added further proof that of the many mansions in the house of literature, law is not one. Incurably subdued by the materials of my profession, I seemingly cannot write a paragraph without "if anys" and *a fortioris*. Here is the inevitable lawyer's writing—the dull qualifications and circumlocutions that sink any literary barque or even freighter, the lifeless tags and rags that preclude grace and stifle spontaneity. In good measure one may admit the charge, without implying that the limits of one of her votaries are the law's limits. It will not do to press the claims of law upon literature by denying that the law has its own great preoccupation distinct from that of literature. Once and for all, Mr. Justice Holmes has put our case, with colors flying and without arrogance: "Of course the law is not the place for the artist or the poet. The law is the calling of thinkers." Literature is not the goal of lawyers, though they occasionally attain it. With more explicitness to the matter in hand, though wholly free from didacticism, Chief Judge Cardozo in this volume of essays makes clear why the artist's search for beauty cannot be the lawyer's prime concern. For the judge, with us the ultimate spokesman of the law, must be "historian and prophet all in one." The law must be declared "not only as the past has shaped it in judgments already rendered, but as the future ought to shape it in cases yet to come. Those of us whose lives have been spent on the bench and at the bar have learned caution and reticence, perhaps even to excess. We know the value of the veiled phrase, the blurred edge, the uncertain line." Here we have the source of the antinomy between law and literature. "Caution and reticence" are not

the wellsprings of literature, but they are indispensable to wisdom in law, certainly to wisdom in adjudication. Since judges must be prophets, in other words since judges not merely register the past but direct the future, they had best not presume too much upon a wisdom that was denied the Delphic oracles. By a strange inconsistency, those who chafe most against the governance of the present by the edicts of the past too frequently want the present to pronounce against the future, forgetting that for the future the present will be the past.

Law, then, is not part of belles lettres. But within the limits of its responsibility and its themes, law has not come empty-handed to the altars of literature. A comprehensive account of English literature, as the expression of English thought, could hardly omit Mansfield, Stowell and Bowen, to mention only modern judges, and Maitland's genius shows with what imagination and charm the story of the law can be invested.

When I think thus of the law, I see a princess mightier than she who once wrought at Bayeux, eternally weaving into her web dim figures of the ever lengthening past—figures too dim to be noticed by the idle, too symbolic to be interpreted except by her pupils, but to the discerning eye disclosing every painful step and every world-shaking contest by which mankind has worked and fought its way from savage isolation to organic social life.

So wrote an American judge, Mr. Justice Holmes, who among judges has the supreme place in any adequate anthology of English prose. But there are other judges who wrote with the memorable uniqueness of expression that is style. There is of course John Marshall, whom Judge Cardozo, in the exhilarating essay which gives its name to this volume, selects for the "type magisterial or imperative" in his critical and playful analysis of the varieties of judicial opinions. "We hear the voice of the law speaking by its consecrated ministers with the calmness and assurance that are born of a sense of mastery and power. Thus Marshall seemed to judge, and a hush falls upon us even now as we listen to his words. Those organ tones of his were meant to fill cathedrals. . . ." There is not space to follow Judge Cardozo in his serio-humorous categories of opinions and their exemplars. I have, besides, my own favorite. Who among non-lawyers writes as Judge Charles M. Hough wrote, and as Judge Learned Hand now writes? One might also be tempted to intrude on Judge Cardozo's gentle silences about the versatile forms of judicial stuffiness. Unlike the new Earl Russell, judges are prone to "regard solemnity as a means of attaining truth."

Deference for the well known shyness of the author has held this review much too long in check. If Judge Cardozo will publish, he must suffer the pains of public appreciation. Who better than he has demonstrated that law is stunted and undernourished by life, if it falls below the dignity of literature? The bar reads his opinions for pleasure, and even a disappointed litigant must feel, when Judge Cardozo writes, that a cause greater than his private interest prevailed. And so it has come to pass that the court over which Judge Cardozo presides enjoys an eminence second only to that of the Supreme Court of the United States. Its Chief must be included in the first half-dozen judges of the English-speaking world.

This volume gives the lay reader a taste of Judge Cardozo's qualities—grace in the service of solidity, sensitiveness directing judgment, awareness of the limits of reason and of the subtle guises of self-deception. Judge

Cardozo elsewhere has quoted Chesterton's remark that the most important thing about a man is his philosophy. And this distillate of Judge Cardozo's reflections is inevitably judicial self-revelation. These seven papers were born of distinct occasion; formally they have no common theme. And yet they have the unity of their common source, drawn as they are from the same deep brooding over law's meanings and methods.

The enduring contributions of thinkers, maintains one of the acutest, are not systems but insights. Indeed, systems are apt to be overrefined elaborations of penetrating glimpses into truth. At all events, the two judges who in our day have given powerful direction to juristic thinking have done so not by heavy treatises on jurisprudence. Mr. Justice Holmes has gradually refashioned the whole outlook and methods of American legal thought through his essays no less than his opinions. The work of philosophic permeation begun by his master sixty years ago (and happily still continued in his opinions) is being carried on by New York's Chief Judge, and again by essays. What is now set before the general reader, from a hint or suggestive phrase, to students ("The Game of the Law") or to doctors ("What Medicine Can Do for the Law"), with all the seeming casualness of a luncheon ("The Comradeship of the Law"), or at a house-warming ("The Home of the Law"), is the stuff, also, of three small but not slight earlier volumes of essays—"The Nature of the Judicial Process" (1921), "The Growth of the Law" (1924) and "The Paradoxes of Legal Science" (1928). Their common theme is the task that confronts the judge. But a candid scrutiny of what confronts the judge must include what confronts the law. The essay form is the fit instrument for a thinker whose concern is to lay bare the contending claims that seek the mediation of law, and to give some indication of how these processes of mediation in fact operate. For the essay is tentative, suggestive, contradictory and incomplete. It mirrors the perversities and zests and complexities of life.

"It is the first step in sociological wisdom," according to Whitehead, "to recognize that the major advances in civilization are processes which all but wreck the societies in which they occur—like unto an arrow in the hand of a child. The art of free society consists first in the maintenance of the symbolic code; and secondly in fearlessness of revision, to secure that the code serves those purposes which satisfy an enlightened reason." In the service of this "sociological wisdom" no one is more deeply enlisted than the author of these essays.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

Dropping the Pilot

Kaiser and Chancellor, by Karl Friedrich Nowak. New York: The Macmillan Company. 290 pages. \$3.50.

HERR NOWAK affects the psychoanalytical, dramatic and exaggerated treatment which Emil Ludwig has made so popular and interesting. He recounts vividly the tragic struggle between the aged, testy and tenacious Bismarck, and the optimistic and self-confident young Kaiser, during the twenty months from the death of old Emperor William I till the final dropping of the pilot. There is much about Bismarck "beside himself with excitement . . . banging with his fist on the table" and urging the young ruler "to give the people a smart dose of grape shot," after the Reichstag and the Social Democrats had been provoked into opposition; much also about William II's

solicitude for the working classes, his conciliatoriness, the ignorance in which he had been kept by Bismarck of Germany's secret reinsurance treaty with Russia, and his determination that he himself should be ruler in fact as well as in name, in spite of Johanna Bismarck's desire to perpetuate her dynasty through her son Herbert.

Nowak's claims to researches in the archives of Berlin, Charlottenburg and Vienna are laughable in view of the paucity of his results. A careful study of the published documents ought to have enabled him to give a more accurate analysis of Bismarck's system of alliances. His claim to strict impartiality is belied by the fact that his interpretation of highly controversial questions is strongly colored by his frequent intercourse with the ex-Kaiser at Doorn, whose recollection of events forty years earlier appears to be accepted without question. His helter-skelter reproduction of newspaper summaries in an appendix, without analysis, is meaningless except as a culling of comments favorable to William II; it suggests the activity of the modern "counsel on public relations," who can make a venerable and attractive figure, playing golf and giving away shining dimes, appear so different from the public estimate of Mr. Rockefeller forty years ago.

Aside from its delightful readability and portrayal of character, Nowak's book may also serve a useful purpose. If Punch and the British press were too often inclined to represent the Kaiser as an international jack-in-the-box who kept Europe's nerves on edge with his militaristic gestures, and if the German people have been too inclined to worship blindly the superhuman greatness of the creator of their Empire, this book may serve to redress the balance. One of the best chapters is the psychological analysis of the mysterious figure "with the hyena's eyes" in the back of the Foreign Office—Baron Holstein, chosen by Bismarck, then shut out from all his clubs and shunned because of his part in the Arnim affair, and finally turning against Bismarck in the Chancellor crisis of 1890. Perhaps the best feature of the book is the score of charming illustrations, with the ex-Kaiser's autograph explanations, showing the childhood and youth of William II and the famous personages who surrounded him. SIDNEY B. FAY.

"To Prove Its Badness"

A Literary History of the American People: Volume I, from 1607 to the beginning of the Revolutionary Period; Volume II, from 1750 to 1815, by Charles Angoff. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 410 and 417 pages. \$5 for each volume.

MR. ANGOFF proposes to write a complete history of American literature in four volumes, of which the first two, attractively bound and printed, have just appeared. Obviously they claim comparison with all previous works covering the colonial and revolutionary periods. Mr. Angoff, unfortunately, has proceeded in such a slipshod and half-hearted manner that his labors have been almost wholly wasted; and, as his work has a most deceptive appearance of scholarship, it will be useful to show why it cannot supersede Tyler or Parrington.

It is difficult to see why the author should have devoted two volumes, instead of merely two chapters, to the first two centuries; he considers nearly everything that was written to be "rubbish," and the only motive he suggests for treating it at such length is "to prove its badness." Such a work might be justified if it were based on original research; but Mr. Angoff relies chiefly on his predecessors,

and appears to have read few works not already well known. A detailed comparison proves that he has transcribed many of his quotations from Tyler and not from the originals, and that his only information about certain lesser lights comes from the same source; when the quotations from Tyler are removed, his first-hand knowledge about some of the more important figures in colonial literature appears surprisingly slight. He does not fill in the gaps left by Tyler and Parrington; when he draws attention to anything not mentioned by them, it is often some letter or ballad or fragment of a diary that is ludicrously insignificant. Misled by his predecessors, he actually gives the impression that the early eighteenth century in New England—a period rich in pamphlets and newspapers and violent theological controversies—produced scarcely a dozen persons capable of writing intelligible English.

Mr. Angoff's arrangement of his material is equally open to criticism. Charles Chauncey and Lewis Morris are discussed twice, in almost the same terms. Richard Mather of the first generation and Jonathan Edwards of the fourth appear in the same section on the "Collapse of Puritanism." The religious controversies caused by the Great Awakening, the political debates of the Revolution, and the literary efforts which followed the winning of independence, are jumbled together in the same chapters without any attempt at discrimination.

Out of many inaccuracies it is difficult to make a selection, but the following are among the most glaring. John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, is called "a Separatist, and of a very fanatical sort"; he is afterwards confused with his great-great-grandson, professor at Harvard in the eighteenth century, and, in the same paragraph, with his son, scientist and Governor of Connecticut. Mr. Angoff asserts that Hooker did not go to Connecticut until 1638, deduces that he could not have been its founder, and claims credit for making a discovery; afterwards he forgets his discovery, and says that Hooker went in 1636. Thomas Shepard is described as minister of the first church of Boston. Whitefield is asserted to have preached his first sermon in America from Edwards' pulpit. Jonathan Mayhew is described as having "good theological manners," a strange description for the most venomous and vituperative theological controversialist of his century. Elisha Williams, fourth rector of Yale, who died in 1755, is confused with a namesake who was born in 1757; this causes Mr. Angoff to say, almost in consecutive sentences, that a man born in 1757 wrote a pamphlet published in 1744.

Mr. Angoff writes in a simple colloquial style, and his unorthodoxy is sometimes suggestive; it is entertaining to hear that Franklin had "a cheap and shabby soul." In his later volumes, when he is more interested in his subject matter, he will presumably be less careless. But he gives little indication of possessing much critical insight; his method is to transcribe long quotations from the authors whom he discusses, and then to draw attention to their badness; he rarely attempts to distinguish degrees and kinds of badness; and when he praises, it is usually some passage already well known, like the peroration to Williams' "Bloody Tenent Yet More Bloody," or else something quite insignificant which he can twit previous historians for neglecting. It is difficult to feel much confidence in a critic who dismisses "Hale in the Bush" as almost beneath contempt, and on the next page gives high praise to the labored iambics and stilted poetic diction of an anonymous "Ode to Liberty."

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES.

Dog's-Eye View

The Dogs, by Ivan Nazhivin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

THIS NOVEL, which is something of an addition to the imaginative literature of the Russian Revolution, carries no invidious implications in its title. Dogs, according to the author, are no better and no worse than human beings, some being good and some being bad and all, regardless of birth or social standing, having inflicted upon them in this world a good deal of superfluous suffering. In their behavior, however, there is this one difference; men have axes to grind whereas dogs do not, and the grinding process, particularly when it is successful, is almost certain to turn a man into a monster.

It would have been easy for Nazhivin to make of his book an allegory or satire in which the dogs get the best of it, but he does nothing so obvious and trite. His idea is to show the stupidity and waste and meaninglessness of human antics. To accomplish this he skips deftly and surely from the mind of peasant to aristocrat, from canine mind (the Nazhivin dogs, incidentally, show an astonishing propensity for appearing in opportune places at opportune times and using trains to get them there) to human mind, from mood to mood, now gently humorous, now bitter, now compassionate, yet keeping tight hold of the several threads of his narrative until they are snipped off, brutally and at the same time, by the shears of the Revolution. There is in his style and method a beautiful avoidance of the obvious; the fear that he will at any moment break out into a Gulliver-among-the-Houyhnhnms kind of allegory is never justified. Once only, when Fedka the peasant and the mongrel Siedoi are captured by Germans and shipped to a Bavarian mountain village as prisoners of war, he sets in close juxtaposition the mental reactions of Fedka to strange surroundings, and those of the dog. The transition from human to canine guilelessness is effected so neatly, so unobtrusively, the parallel is so compassionate and true in its implications, that one is inclined to forgive him for succumbing at last to the truism about creatures being alike under the skin—as undoubtedly they are, if you choose to make them so.

Nazhivin's attitude toward men and events in Russia is typical of the disillusioned intellectual past his years of resilient thinking. His scorn and bitterness extend to the old regime as well as to the new. The vices of the former he sums up in a savage and splendid and somewhat unjust portrait of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch—a man who flicks out the eyes of his hunting dogs for the sport of it. Lenin appears rather sketchily, as a cynic and a demagogue who is also more cruel than human. As for Rasputin, into the mind of the Princess Sonia, whose old father has just been strung up on a tree with his hunting dogs, are put these words: "The peasant was no more a monster than the rest, but merely a human being seeking what the rest were seeking and, unlike the rest, attaining what he sought—that was all."

This, brightened by a quiet humor and tenderness, seems to be the intellectual blind alley into which Nazhivin's experience of borzois and princes, of mongrels and peasants, has led him. Equally to Dobrynia the English pointer and Karai the borzoi, to the pleasant old aristocrat who adored them and Nazhivin who imagined them, the world is still untraveled and unknown, with margins that will forever keep on fading. The sole exit from the blind alley is one which seems to have been recommended by numerous eminent persons in the past, including one Rousseau—

"Clearly man had somehow become sundered from nature and so, through his millions of books and similar contrivances, had come to be only an onlooker at the drama of life; but if man could once shed that husk of books and cooks and doctors and chairs and telegraphs and newspapers and other rubbish, what was left would be a simple and immortal thing."

Clearly it is a husk which is growing too thick and encysted to make the shedding reasonable; yet it has not prevented Nazhivin from writing, among the cooks and doctors of Belgium, a simple and possibly immortal thing, while husks of another kind are being shed with rapidity and ease in Moscow.

HOWARD COXE.

Good Showmanship

A Vagabond Trouper, by Jefferson De Angelis and Alvin F. Harlow. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 325 pages. \$3.50.

THE PATTERN of a straggling journey across the plains in the middle seventies makes one of the most engaging passages of these memoirs. The De Angelis family and the other members of their little troupe were making their way back to San Francisco after an unlucky experience in the East, traveling by covered wagon after they left the Mississippi. They were ridden by a grasshopper plague in Kansas and took on stage-struck farmers as partners. They lost their properties through the tireless attention of sheriffs; they fled from hotel keepers, slept in the open, and gradually made their way to the mining villages of Nevada, where they acquired gorgeous raiment. Their enthusiasm for the theatre remained undiminished. Soon after they reached San Francisco, Jefferson De Angelis and his sister Sallie drifted to the South Seas with a new troupe, to Australia and New Zealand, moving to the back lands with only a thin hope before them, slipping casually from port to port in China and India, Mauritius, South Africa, Ceylon.

The variegated adventures, the tribulations, the comic upsets of five years against strange and often brilliant Eastern scenes, make up the larger part of the autobiography. Except at the end, when Mr. De Angelis touches in brief outline upon his later successes, his story tells little of the stage; only faint sketches appear of the variety acts and melodramas and light operas acted before the miners of the gold rush in Australia or the diamond rush in South Africa. Nor is he greatly concerned with character. The members of the troupe and others met in accidental encounters on the way are drawn with the breadth and dash of a good vaudeville act, and quickly disappear. Adventure is the pith of these memoirs; they are to be read for the day-to-day surprises, for the unfailing good humor with which these are related, for a candor which never permits the glossing over of seamy episodes. Hotel keepers remained the troupers' natural enemies, but the effect is never monotonous; new measures were contrived by the actors at every turn, and a few high passages of good living intervened. Once the troupe was smuggled out of Bombay into a small sailing ship bound for Mauritius; typhoons raged on the voyage, then the ship was becalmed for days and even weeks. There was a shortage of food and water; the living quarters were cramped, and indeed for most of the troupe hardly existed. Reaching Mauritius at last, surrounded by the comforts of the gay little French town, the company—still with hardly a penny—commanded the most lavish banquet, toasted each other with the best wines;

they might never have known a care, and luck, of course, was just around the corner. It always was.

Only once does the story touch tragedy, and that was heart-rending, when Sallie de Angelis died in a bleak South African town by an accidental pistol-shot. For the most part the rule of the book is an adaptation of the familiar rule of the theatre, "The show must go on." Go on it does, without a break, with smooth approaches and excellent timing; no episode is dwelt upon too long; the whole is adroitly shaped for climaxes. Perhaps something is lost by this neat handling, something of human haplessness and feeling; but the light story-telling is capital, and in the end, in spite of the submergence of detail, the life of the theatre is drawn with truth and permanence. Its gallantry and single-mindedness, its surviving humor, appear unobtrusively, with the perpetual fantasia against improbable outer scenes.

CONSTANCE ROURKE.

Enter Mr. Santayana

The Genteel Tradition at Bay, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 74 pages. \$1.25.

THE BATTLE between the New Humanists and their foes is over. There are signs of the conflict all over the Acropolis. Here is Professor Babbitt's clay foot, broken off from the eloquent marble; there is Mr. Frank Jewett Mather's knightly armor, battered and tarnished as much by the embraces of his enemies as by the horrified attacks of his friends; in the shadow of the Museion lies the golden book of humanistic wisdom, compiled directly from the oracles by Mr. Norman Foerster, which bears the evidence on its broken covers of more strenuous usage than its unthumbed pages might indicate. Huddled in a corner of this fantastic Acropolis, the Anti-Humanists have already begun to quarrel among themselves: Mr. Allen Tate would claim the Humanist spoils for theology; Mr. Hartley Grattan demands them for science.

Enter Mr. George Santayana. A faintly amused smile, too ripe for malice, plays over his lips; and as he walks about slowly, picking up a broken lance or turning over a helmet with the point of his toe, he soliloquizes on the old Humanism, the three R's of the modern world, the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Revolution, and the more ancient R of Romance; takes note of the importance of the supernatural as a logical foundation for the moral absolutism or provinciality of the New Humanists, and ends with an exposition of the moral adequacy of Naturalism. This is the reverie of a harmonious and disinterested mind, picking its own path amid the debris of a controversy: in its very allusiveness, its lack of direction, its refusal to follow the line of battle or even to perform any tender offices for the dead and wounded that are lying about the field, it achieves that sense of intellectual liberation which is the better part of philosophy.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY

BLUE GHOST, by Jean Temple. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 228 pages. \$2.50.

Since little of permanent value has been written about Lafcadio Hearn, this biographical sketch of his life has a definite excuse for being. Jean Temple's intentions are of the best; and in spite of her effort to interpret Hearn by a rhapsodic use of Freudian

jargon, the book serves its purpose as a sympathetic study of his career. Miss Temple is evidently familiar with all the important facts concerning his conflict with American civilization and his escape to Japan, but she has shied away from many episodes which, if recited in full detail, would make her portrait clear and convincing. Hearn remains, even at the close of the book, more ghost than man.

CLASSICAL

THE AENEID, edited with Introduction and Commentary by J. W. Mackail. *New York: Oxford University Press. 532 pages. \$7.*

Virgil's "Aeneid," we are reminded, is something of a literary curiosity, a work of art in its penultimate stage. Dr. Mackail examines the text for what it is, points out where the fastenings are weakest, and not only indicates the poet's peculiar idiom, but produces evidence to suggest his method of composition. The commentary, sensible without extravagance, rebukes the fustian of scholastic dunces and redeems Virgilian scholarship. The excellence of this edition is limited only by the fact that Dr. Mackail's apprehension of the poet's mind is synthetic rather than intuitive. That is to say, the editor is not himself a poet; but a poet, editing Virgil, would make more mistakes than this professor of poetry.

MAPHAEUS VEGIUS, and his Thirteenth Book of the Aeneid, by Anna Cox Brinton. *Stanford University Press. 183 pages. \$7.50.*

The so-called "Thirteenth Book of the Aeneid," written by a youngster of twenty-one at Pavia in 1428, was included in editions of the "Aeneid" until the last century. Dr. Brinton has now republished the text as "a chapter on Virgil in the Renaissance," together with a biography of the author, the English translation by Thomas Twyne (1584), the Scotch translation by Bishop Gavin Douglas (1553), and six of the original woodcut illustrations by Sebastian Brant. The sum is an amusing book, fresh and jolly, a very pleasant favor to our generation.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

CENSORSHIP OF SPEECH AND PRESS, by Lamar T. Beman. *New York: H. W. Wilson Company. 496 pages. \$2.40.*

A well arranged compilation of articles and statements by a large number of the foremost authorities on the censorship of speech and press. The traditional American position on censorship and the historical applications are stated and interpreted. The author is content to have others present the arguments on either side without injecting his own opinion into the text. He reveals his standpoint, however, in the preface: "From almost the beginning of recorded history, those in authority have used censorship as a means of restraining the utterances and suppressing the ideas of revolutionists, reformers and advanced thinkers. Few students of history doubt that the net result of the sum total of the world's experience with censorship has been to produce more harm than good."

NEW EMPIRES, by Karl A. Bickel. *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 112 pages. \$1.50.*

For the benefit of college boys who want to become newspaper men, the president of the United Press discusses with Rotarian calm the present status of the American news-distributing "industry," including radio, the movies and television. Mr. Bickel assures his readers that contemporary American journalism is without political or governmental affiliation.

MASSACRE: A Survey of Today's American Indian, by Robert Gessner. *New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 418 pages. \$3.*

The vast difference between the romantic Indian of popular imagination and the real person upon the reservations is the theme of this earnest and sometimes sensational volume. It is a direct, first-hand account of the author's investigation into the treatment of the "nation's wards." His report is that Indians are dying of malnutrition, actual starvation and disease, and that the Indian

Bureau is carelessly inefficient and shockingly callous. There are hints of enormous graft and ominous connections with power companies seeking sites on Indian-owned lands. The case of a pitifully neglected people is presented with vigor and great impact.

WORLD POLITICS

INTERPRETATIONS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, edited by Quincy Wright. *The University of Chicago Press. 261 pages. \$3.*

Lectures delivered at the University of Chicago in 1930, under the auspices of the Harris Foundation. The general theme of American foreign policy is expounded by an American, a Canadian, an Englishman, a Peruvian and a Japanese. Professor Blakeslee presents a general survey; Dean Corbett of McGill discusses the relations between Canada and the United States; George Young dwells upon the threadbare theme of Anglo-American relations; Victor Belaunde describes the relations between the United States and Latin America; Yusuke Tsurumi, the relations between the Far East and the United States. Doubtless the limited space allotted to each explains why they present so little new material.

THE PATH TO PEACE, by Nicholas Murray Butler. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 320 pages. \$2.50.*

A collection of essays and addresses in support of legalized international amity. Three of Dr. Butler's lectures—two in French and one in German—are reprinted in the original languages. "Le Pacte Franco-Américain" advances a dangerous thesis: namely, that "aggressive" war among capitalist nations, particularly those of the West, should be outlawed for the sake of establishing a united front against Soviet Russia.

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD: Parliaments, Parties and Press, as of January 1, 1931. Edited by Walter H. Mallory. *New Haven: Yale University Press. 199 pages. \$2.50.*

This annual political who's who, published by the Council on Foreign Relations, is indispensable to editors and other students of foreign affairs.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1929, by Arnold J. Toynbee. *New York: Oxford University Press. 545 pages. \$7.*

In this volume Professor Toynbee and his colleagues summarize world affairs for the year 1929. Not only Europe but also Africa and the Far East are covered. It is difficult to understand why Liberia should be omitted from the discussion of Africa; and the section on the Papacy does not utilize a number of important monographs. Nevertheless, the volume as a whole lives up to the standard of its predecessors.

THAT NEXT WAR? by K. A. Bratt. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 268 pages. \$2.50.*

A Swedish military officer discusses the prospect and the nature of the next war. He is under no illusion that war can be abolished by proclamation; some substitute must be found. He does not believe that an economic blockade by the League of Nations can prevent war from breaking out. While he favors removing the causes of war, he believes that peace must be maintained ultimately by an international organization having special police powers.

FICTION

MRS. FISCHER'S WAR, by Henrietta Leslie. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.*

Assuredly Mrs. Fischer's predicament, as a German citizen in London during the War, with a dearly beloved husband saving Germany for civilization and a dearly beloved son doing the same for England, was no pleasant one, but if she had been less of a sentimentalist, it would be easier for the reader to sympathize. The husband returns to her blinded and a cripple; the son emigrates to Canada because he cannot bear the sight of his father, even in the latter's unhappy condition. Despite the flabbiness of the author's attitude, the story itself is well handled.

THE SECRET IMAGE, by Laurence Oliver. *New York: Simon and Schuster.* \$2.

Mr. Oliver has a good story to tell and tells it with ingenuity and technical competence; this makes it easier to overlook the banality of his incident and characterization. His people, without exception, were lugged out of the warehouse for fiction types; but the central idea of the novel is an interesting one. A woman is rescued from a fire in which everything she loved, including the drunkard with whom she had lived without benefit of clergy for fourteen years, has perished; she is suffering from total amnesia, and the story is of the slow and painful reconstruction in her memory of the past. The denouement is more conventional than tragic, and the final effect rather less impressive than it should have been.

TOMORROW ONCE AGAIN, by Edward L. McKenna. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart.* \$2.

Frank is a hard-boiled young man whose dreams, such as they are, center around race tracks and fortunes made over night; but in the end he becomes a real-estate salesman and lives in the suburbs with his wife and baby. With the exception of the hero, Mr. McKenna's characters are stock types. His easy, familiar style is perfectly suited to the subject matter.

Contributors

J. M. KEYNES, the distinguished British economist, was a member of the Royal Commission on Indian Finance and Currency in 1913-14 and the principal representative of the English Treasury at the Paris Peace Conference, where he was deputy for the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council. He is the author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," "A Tract on Monetary Reform," "Laissez Faire and Communism" and of a two-volume "Treatise on Money" published last winter by Harcourt, Brace.

ISAAC HERMAN SCHWARTZ writes, "I am a native of Queen Marie's Rumania. Yiddish training plus eight grades of American schooling. Silversmith, amateur poet, painter, newspaper man, with some gypsy life to relieve the tedium of traffic-light constraints and, at the age of thirty-six, married and have a family. Writing a historic novel on American hobodom."

TED OLSON is news editor of the Laramie, Wyoming, Republican Boomerang and author of "A Stranger and Afraid." In 1928 he received a special prize from the magazine Poetry for his poem "Blizzard."

INEZ CALLAWAY ROBB is a newspaper woman who, as a representative of one of the papers mentioned in her story, was present at the interview described.

FELIX FRANKFURTER has been a professor at the Harvard Law School since 1914. He is the author, among other volumes, of "The Public and Its Government," a discussion of the control of public utilities and the place of experts in administration, which the Yale University Press published this spring. He also edited the symposium, "Mr. Justice Holmes," recently published by Coward-McCann.

SIDNEY B. FAY is professor of Modern European History at Harvard University and Radcliffe College and a member of the editorial board of The American Historical Review. He is the author of "The Origins of the World War," published in this country in 1928 and subsequently in Germany and France.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is the author of "Jonathan Edwards, the Fiery Puritan," published last fall by Minton, Balch. He is an instructor in the History Department at Washington Square College.

CONSTANCE ROURKE is a literary critic and the author of "Troupers of the Gold Coast, or the Rise of Lotta Crabtree." Her most recent volume is "American Humor: A Study of the National Character."

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1931.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for
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duly sworn according to law, deposes and
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DANIEL MEBANE,

Signature of Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this
19th day of March, 1931.

E. B. YOUNG, Notary Public.

My commission expires March 30, 1931.